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TOPICS OF THE DAY.

THE tide of events has again turned in America, and the star of the Confederates is once more in the ascendant. Our information as to recent occurrences is still very imperfect, and possibly by the time this sheet gets into the hands of our readers the face of affairs may be changed; but, judging by present appearances, President Lincoln will probably find that he has been somewhat prematurely discounting successes yet to achieve, and may have to change his day of thanksgiving for victories into one of humiliation on account of defeats. The past summer was singularly disastrous to the Confederate cause. The Southern army was repulsed at Gettysburg, Vicksburg and Port Hudson fell, the navigation of the Mississippi was believed to be completely opened, Bragg was compelled to retreat from Chattanooga, Charleston seemed on the point of sharing the fate of the strongholds on the Mississippi, and a formidable armament was in preparation to carry the war into Texas. Had a day of thanksgiving been proclaimed *then*, it might have had an air of justification, though we dislike the idea of mixing up the name of the Deity in the wretched and criminal wars of earth. But now all is changed. In the south-west, Rosecranz, utterly defeated at Chickamauga, is cooped up within the lines prepared by the Confederates at Chattanooga, exposed to continual attacks from the victorious army in his front, his communications with his base of operations partially or wholly interrupted, his supplies captured or destroyed, himself cut off from the support of Burnside, whose efforts to join his chief have been frustrated and his own army repulsed and driven back; while the most that is hoped for is that the armies of both Rosecranz and Burnside may not be utterly annihilated or compelled to surrender. The navigation of the Mississippi is almost as restricted as heretofore, trading-vessels being unable to proceed either up or down without a strong convoy of gun-boats; while



REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER.

the Confederates are reported to be seizing and fortifying positions on the stream which may prove as troublesome as those already subdued at so much labour and cost. Charleston is not yet captured, and seems as little likely to be so as ever, although we are constantly told that something great is about to be done there; only, somehow, it never *is* done. The expedition into Texas has failed, or met with but a very doubtful measure of success; and now General Lee has once more assumed the offensive and driven the army of the Potomac back upon the lines in front of Washington. The cry of "On to Richmond!" is changed into a howl of apprehension for the safety of the Federal capital. This is turning the tables pretty effectually, and shows that there is a degree of skill, of daring, of endurance, of community of action and of sentiment in the Southern people and their leaders, which we look in vain to find paralleled in the North. If it be true, as reported, that General Longstreet and 30,000 men were transported from Virginia to Georgia, aided Bragg in defeating Rosecranz at Chickamauga, and were then reconveyed to General Lee to enable him to make his forward movement upon Bull Run, and all within the space of a few days, it is an achievement unexampled in the annals of war, and may well entitle the men who planned and executed it to a foremost place in the rank of warriors. We are told that General Meade's retreat is the subject of much perplexity and discussion; but there can be little difficulty in understanding it. He was the leader of the invading army, and must have retreated because he felt too weak to fight where he was. It is a very ingenious way of putting it, that General Lee's flank movement was defeated by General Meade's retreat; but this gloze will no more deceive the world than did the story of the grand strategic movement of McClellan on the Chickahominy. An invading army forced to retreat is virtually defeated; and that, at the date of our last advices, was undeniably the position of the



EXTERIOR OF A HOUSE IN BETHNAL-GREEN.



CELLAR OF A HOUSE IN BETHNAL-GREEN.

Federal host. It may be that General Lee has no intention of attacking Washington. We scarcely think it likely that he has. The defensive seems to be the best point of fighting on both sides; and, as the object of the Southerners is to free their country from the invaders, their wisest course is to content themselves with doing so, and not seek to transfer the war to Northern soil, where their opponents are necessarily strong and themselves as necessarily weak. It is not difficult, however, to see motives for General Lee's movement. The army of Meade had notoriously been weakened to reinforce Rosecranz, and it was equally desirable to take advantage of this fact to strike a blow, if possible, on the Potomac, and to stop the transfer of troops to Chattanooga, lest Bragg in his turn should be overmatched. If General Lee should accomplish nothing more than he has yet done, and advance not a step beyond Bull Run, he will practically have achieved both these objects, and may well be satisfied with the results of his brief campaign during the Indian or second summer. And what has President Lincoln and his advisers done to meet the difficulty in which they find themselves? Made a call for another 300,000 men. But will they come at their call? The last demand for voluntary enlistments met with but a sorry response; and the conscription in the North has confessedly failed. Are the President's requisitions likely to be answered more promptly now? We doubt it much; and trust that the failure of all their schemes of conquest will induce the Northerners to think of having recourse to the only means that seem at all likely to end the war—namely, the recognition of Southern independence, a step which has long been deemed inevitable by all the world save themselves.

The plot thickens in Prussia. The result of the preliminary elections throughout the country is now known, and indicates the return of a Chamber still less inclined to concur in the measures of the Government than the last. M. Von Bismarck and his colleagues will have to meet a determinedly hostile Parliament on the 9th or 10th proximo, and the war between Crown and people will again commence. Will both sides adhere to their old programme? and, if so, what next, and next?

The world is in a singularly disturbed condition at present, and everywhere there are wars or rumours of wars. In America, one of the most gigantic struggles in which mankind has ever engaged is going on, and with no immediate prospect of an end. In Mexico, the French occupy little else than an encampment, and have constantly to stand to their arms to deter or resist attack, whatever may be the colour they put upon the matter. The Russians and the Poles fight in the field, and hang and assassinate each other whenever an opportunity occurs, without, apparently, getting any nearer to the object either has in view, while France seems longing for an excuse to thrust her hand into the mess. The Germans are on the point of making an advance into Holstein, which, if accomplished, must bring on a war with Denmark aided by Sweden. Italy and Austria stand glaring at each other over Venetia, the one watching for an opportunity to attack, and the other prepared to defend. New troubles seem about to break out between Turkey and her semi-subjects in Servia, the Herzegovina, and Montenegro. Spain has an insurrection to quell in St. Domingo; and we ourselves are engaged in two "little wars"—the one with the native tribes of New Zealand and the other with the Japanese daimios. When and how is all this turmoil to end? Are we to have a universal conflagration? Is the earth to be converted into one huge battle-field, to receive a universal baptism of fire and blood, and the great conflict, of which the interpreters of prophecy are constantly telling us, to have the globe for its theatre and the whole human race for its victims? The prospect seems dark enough, though such a terrible catastrophe as this may not be impending over us, however confident Dr. Cumming and others may be on the subject. Anyway, it is clear that the Peace Society has not yet succeeded in eradicating the pugnacious propensities of mankind, and certainly the bells which are to ring in Mr. Tennyson's thousand years of peace are still silent.

THE REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER.

THIS gentleman, who has lately taken a prominent part in the political controversies which agitate the United States, especially in reference to slavery, and whose visit to this country excited so much attention, is the son of Dr. Lyman Beecher and the brother of the celebrated Mrs. Beecher Stowe. He was born at Litchfield, Connecticut, in 1813, graduated at Amherst College in 1834, and studied theology under his father at the Lane Seminary. He first settled as a Presbyterian minister at Laurenceburg, Indiana, in 1837. In 1839 he removed to Indianapolis, and became pastor of the Plymouth Church at Brooklyn, New York, an organisation calling themselves "Orthodox Congregational Believers," in 1847. In 1850 he published "Lectures to Young Men" and "Industry and Idleness." In 1855 he gave to the world "The Star Papers," a series of articles contributed to the *New York Independent*, and in 1858 a second series of the same. In 1858 appeared also his "Life Thoughts," 25,000 copies of which sold soon after publication. As a preacher, he is said to have "the largest uniform congregation in the United States," and is very popular as a public lecturer.

Mr. Beecher was entertained at a public breakfast at Manchester on Saturday last, when resolutions thanking him for the addresses he has delivered in this country were passed and acknowledged by the rev. gentleman in a long speech. A public breakfast is also to be given to Mr. Beecher at Liverpool to-day, after which he will at once go on board the Cunard steamer Asia, en route home to America.

THE SANATORY STATE OF BETHNAL-GREEN.

In our last week's Number we published some Engravings and descriptive details illustrative of the wretched state of the dwellings of the poor in Bethnal-green; and we now add two other Engravings of scenes in the same miserable locality. One of these portrays the exterior and the other the cellar of a house visited by our Artist, and which he found to be in a state utterly unfitted for human habitation, although crowded with inmates in the lowest stage of poverty and wretchedness. Bad, however, as this tenement is, it is probably no worse than hundreds of others in the now notorious district of

Bethnal-green, the state of which is every day receiving fresh illustrations, the latest revelation being supplied by the evidence adduced at an inquest held on Tuesday evening at the Butler's Arms Tavern, Butler-street, Green-street, Bethnal-green, respecting the death of Julietta Ware, aged twelve years. Susannah Ware, 8, George-street, said that deceased was the third child who had died in that house within a fortnight. One child was now ill, feeble and almost paralysed, and another had been seized with illness, but had recovered immediately on being sent elsewhere. Her husband, a carpenter, was also attacked in the same way. They were first sick, then generally there was sore throat, and then fever. There was a very bad smell from a drain under the back parlour. In the night-time the effluvia was particularly bad. She complained to the landlord, and he had the boards of the parlour taken up and examined the drain-pipes, which she saw. The remedies never were of use long, and the landlord was quite at a "stand" to account for the smells. There was no illness in the family before they came to reside in the house. The Coroner said that there was a serious loss of life in this district, the cause of which it was of importance to discover. As the parish of Bethnal-green was at present greatly agitated, he had thought it better to secure the services of a medical gentleman of standing unconnected with the parish to examine the premises and to make a post-mortem examination of the body of the deceased, so as to arrive at an unbiased judgment as to the real cause of the mortality in question. The professional gentleman to whom he had intrusted the matter was not then ready with his report, and the proceedings would therefore be adjourned. When the jury visited the house in question the smell was found to be most overpowering. Other children are stated to have died in the immediate neighbourhood with the same symptoms.

The whole of the officials of the parish seem bent on securing for themselves the greatest possible degree of unenviable notoriety by the way in which they discharge their duties. The vestry first attempted to deny that the district was in an unwholesome condition; and when the facts became too strong for them, the heads of beadledom turned round upon and abused the medical gentleman, Dr. Moore, who had been the means of drawing attention to the state of affairs. We now find the relieving officers of the parish detected in a flagrant neglect of duty, or, rather, in a positive refusal to perform their duty when placed plainly before them. The details of a very bad case, which was the subject of an inquest held on Monday, are as follow:—The deceased, Mrs. Caroline James, aged forty-four years, and residing at 37, Wellington-street, Bethnal-green, was stated to have been a person of wealthy connections, and the wife of a silk salesman, who has been, however, for six months in prison. She had nine children; the eldest was eighteen and the youngest two years of age. Five of the girls earned from 8s. to 14s. a week, and the son, who was sixteen, earned 12s.; but he had mortgaged the whole of that sum to get £10 to stock a shop with confectionery. The rent of the shop was 12s. a week, paid weekly. The failure of the shop reduced the family to extreme want. The deceased was without food, and was greatly emaciated. The neighbours got an order for the parish doctors to attend her, and the son of Dr. Moore, the district medical officer, attended, and advised her immediate removal to the infirmary. Mr. Christey, the relieving-officer, refused to do so, and said that he would take no orders from Mr. Moore, jun., as he was not the parish officer. Dr. Moore, on his return from his rounds, visited the woman, and gave the following order:—"Urgent.—17th October. I hereby certify that I have examined Caroline James, and found her in a delirious state, from privation and distress; and I advise that she should be immediately admitted into the infirmary.—Signed, EDWARD MOORE, Surgeon. To Messrs. Christey, Sadler, and Runciman, Relieving-officers, Bethnal-green Workhouse." Mr. Sillett, salesman to a wine and spirit merchant, took that order to Mr. Christey, who abruptly said he would have nothing to do with the case, and when pressed for an answer ordered Mr. Sillett out of the house, and upon his keeping his foot in the doorway in order to get an answer, kicked him. The deceased was taken to her mother's house, and died on the following Wednesday. Dr. Unthank Wallace said that deceased was greatly emaciated. Death resulted from consumption, accelerated by want of food and care. The stomach and intestines presented no trace or remains of food whatever. She could have had no solid food for days, and for months she must have been suffering from want. Dr. Moore deposed that deceased had suffered from long and very severe starvation. Mr. Charles Christey, relieving officer, said that he did not know deceased was other than a private patient of Mr. Moore, jun., when that gentleman's order was brought to him, and he did not attend to Dr. Moore's order subsequently, because he ascertained in the interim that the family were removing to Hackney parish, and that they had a vanload of goods. He then said, "Well, let the good woman be taken wherever the goods are going to." The Coroner remarked that it was proved that Mr. Christey was distinctly told that the deceased was not a private patient, but a parish one, and, though Mr. Christey was given a certificate that deceased was delirious from privations, nothing was done for her from Saturday till Wednesday. The jury returned a verdict of "Death from consumption, accelerated by want of food; and the jury find that great censure is due to the relieving officers of Bethnal-green."

We trust that the authorities in this unfortunate parish, if they cannot be shamed into doing their duty, will be made to feel that they cannot be guilty of such gross neglect with impunity.

Foreign Intelligence.

FRANCE.

The Emperor received the Mexican deputation on the 22nd, when he congratulated the deputation upon the favourable result of its mission, and expressed his sympathy for the regeneration of Mexico.

His Majesty has decided on pulling down the statue of Napoleon I. at the top of the column in the Place Vendôme, which represents him as he appeared at Austerlitz and Jena, in the well-known gray greatcoat, to replace it by another, in which the great warrior is to be draped with the Roman toga.

A rumour (now said to be unfounded) that Marshal Niel is to be sent to St. Petersburg on an "extraordinary mission" has made some sensation, particularly as it is remembered that his employment on former similar occasions was succeeded by important events.

At a banquet given to the cavalry officers at Versailles, at which Marshals Magnan, Regnault de St. Jean d'Angely, and Allouville were present, Colonel Pajol, of the Dragoons, in replying to the toast of his regiment, said:—

Perhaps at no distant day the Emperor will summon us to measure our swords with the oppressors of a people sympathetic with France. Then, like our ancestors, we shall make known to the world the advantages to be derived from the combination of cavalry with all other arms.

The speech of Colonel Pajol was received with vociferous applause.

The *France* notices with regret England and Austria's hesitation and want of decision with regard to Poland. "France," it continues, "has clearly defined her views and the efficacious form of united action." She waits for England and Austria to come to an understanding.

ITALY.

The review of the Italian naval squadron, consisting of twenty-four vessels, will take place at Naples on the 10th of November. The King will leave Turin for Naples on the 7th proximo. The Diplomatic Body have been invited to accompany the King to witness the review.

PRUSSIA.

Now that the reports of the preliminary elections in the country districts have come in, it is evident that the Liberal party has gained a more decided triumph than was at first anticipated. The Conservatives are so discouraged at the failure of their recent agitation, and their unprecedented efforts to turn the scales in their own favour, that many of the electors they have succeeded in carrying

through have determined to abstain from participating in the coming election of deputies. In Berlin, and not a few other places, more decided men will replace the former Liberal representatives; and it does not admit of a doubt that Herr Von Bismarck will have a more resolute and uncompromising majority to deal with in the new House than he had in the old one. The Chamber is to meet on the 9th or 10th proximo.

GERMANY.

Everything points to the speedy advent of great political convulsions in Germany. Count Rechberg has been for some days past sitting in Nuremberg with Ministers from all the larger Middle States to draw up a reply to the counter proposals of Prussia on the question of German reform, and to deliberate on the mode in which the realisation of Francis Joseph's Reform Act may be commenced without delay. The Nuremberg Conference is, therefore, the first positive step towards erecting a South German Confederacy with an Austrian head.

SWEDEN.

The Finance Committee has proposed to the Council of the Kingdom to grant a sum of 1,000,000 rixdalers (£225,000 sterling), to form the two credits available by the Constitution for extraordinary expenses during the current financial year. This amount, however, does not exceed the usual rate of expenditure.

RUSSIA, TURKEY, AND SERBIA.

The *Journal de St. Pétersbourg* denies that there is any truth in a statement current lately that the Russian Ambassador had threatened the Turkish Government with war in case it should recognise the Polish insurgents as belligerents; and adds that there is nothing in the situation of Russia and Turkey to justify such a report. The Vienna journals, however, publish telegraphic intelligence from Constantinople stating that alarming news had been received there with regard to the attitude and armaments of Russia. The same telegram states that the Emperor Alexander, with the Grand Dukes Constantine and Michael, has gone to Kertch, in order to inspect the new fortifications, in company with General Todleben.

Apprehensions are entertained of an impending conflict between Turkey and Servia, in which Montenegro and the Herzegovina will take part. The flame of war will, it is said, be lighted up first in Bosnia. Every one knows that the relations between the Ottoman Porte and its semi-independent provinces are such as to inspire the most profound dissatisfaction among the latter. Only an opportunity is awaited, in Servia at least, to strive for a real and complete independence.

ST. DOMINCO.

The struggle still continues in St. Domingo. The Dominicans, after having driven the Spanish soldiers out of Porto Plata with terrible slaughter, had been attacked by reinforcements from the capital, and compelled to retire to Santiago de Caballeros, a town in the interior, where they had made a stand against the Spaniards. General Santana had marched at the head of 2000 men into the district of Cibao, to operate against the Dominicans at Santiago de Caballeros. Of the force sent from Cuba, on the receipt of tidings of the outbreak, several men had been wounded in the attack on Porto Plata, and the officer in command, a Colonel of artillery, had been killed, being the only one of the attacking party who fell in that encounter. Subsequently a battle was fought between Porto Plata and Santiago de Caballeros, in which the Dominicans were worsted. They were preparing, however, to make a stout defence at the latter place.

JAPAN.

The Hong-Kong papers publish details of the attack of the British fleet on Kagosima. The Japanese practised their usual cunning to delay the attack and to make their preparations against it. In this they were foiled; and, though they fought well, they were signally defeated. Besides the loss of the two gallant officers, Captain Gosing and Commander Wilmot, we had eleven killed and fifty wounded. The Prince of Chosow had taken possession of the forts on the south side of the Straits of Shimonsaki, thereby holding the key to the inland sea.

THE DANISH QUESTION.

In the sitting of the German Federal Diet on the 22nd inst. a despatch of Earl Russell to the English Minister of the 1st inst. came under discussion. Resolutions declining to entertain the note were passed, upon the ground of federal execution in Holstein being a matter of German home policy. A fresh English despatch, also relating to the Holstein and Lauenburg question, was referred to the United Committees.

According to the *Aftenbladet*, of Stockholm, the King of Denmark has just delivered the following speech:—

I have every confidence in the victory and the justice of our cause. I know that my faithful Schleswigers are Danish at heart, and that it would be a crime against them to consent to divide Schleswig. History shall not tell that the last of the Oldenbours paralled out Denmark. If, however, in the course of time we must succumb, as being the weaker, and France and Sweden permit the most southern province of Scandinavia, the old Jutland of the south, to share the fate of Galicia, of Poland, and of Northern Italy, by being overpowered and suppressed by German Governments, then I will descend from the throne and will proclaim the republic. I passed three years of my youth in Switzerland; I have studied the laws and institutions of that country, and I am convinced that no people in Europe is more fitted for the republican system than my dear Danish people.

THE INSURRECTION IN POLAND.

We receive so many accounts of continued outrages, hangings, murders, floggings of females, and similar barbarities in Warsaw and in General Mouravieff's Government, that it seems superfluous to comment on any of the atrocities individually. When every allowance is made for the inevitable exaggeration which horror and hatred produce, there can still be no doubt that a system of the most revolting and lawless terrorism is maintained by the Russian authorities in the Polish cities.

General Berg has just issued orders forbidding, under heavy penalties, the use of mourning in Warsaw after the 10th of November. The apparent unfeelingness of this order is materially lessened by the important exception that mourning is permitted for the dead. General Berg has also ordered that no passport for abroad shall be henceforth delivered. Forty members of the municipality of Warsaw have been arrested, and a secret printing establishment of the National Government discovered. New bands of insurgents are reported to have entered the country.

General Mouravieff has ordered a general disarmament of the inhabitants of Lithuania, and amongst the arms and munitions to be delivered up are shoes, winter clothing, and linen, "which may be of use to the insurgents." Any one who, after the lapse of seven days, shall be found in possession of any articles of this kind will be brought before a council of war.

In retaliation for the cruelties perpetrated by the Russians, the National Polish Government is extending the equally reprehensible system of assassination, numerous cases having recently occurred. On the 19th inst. a sergeant and one of the men belonging to the police were stabbed in Tamka street, Warsaw. The assassin succeeded in effecting his escape.

A Russian telegram reports that a band of insurgents, consisting of 1000 infantry and 300 cavalry, under the command of Clachowski, which crossed from Galicia into the government of Radom on the 20th of October, has been completely defeated, after two engagements, near the village of Jakowice, by a detachment composed of six companies of infantry and one squadron of dragoons: 150 of the insurgent infantry were made prisoners, and the rest destroyed. Clachowski fled with the cavalry.

Travellers coming from Poland assert that a large number of small insurgent corps are scattered throughout the country. Fresh, considerable, and well-armed detachments of insurgents have appeared in the government of Plock.

Railway communication between Warsaw and Vienna has been interrupted, the insurgents having destroyed the bridge at Skierniewice.

THE CIVIL WAR IN AMERICA.

IMPORTANT MOVEMENTS IN VIRGINIA.

On the 8th inst. General Lee's whole army was put in motion and crossed the Rapidan, manoeuvring with the intention of turning General Meade's right. A Federal force under General Kilpatrick immediately proceeded towards Robertson River to reconnoitre, but was encountered by the Confederates under General Stuart, and driven back with heavy loss towards Culpepper. The Confederates continued their march from Madison Courthouse, and gained a position considerably in the rear of the Federal right. The design of the Confederates was believed to be the severance of General Meade's communications.

General Meade officially reports that on the 14th the enemy attacked his rear-guard, consisting of the second corps, while menacing him on the flank. After a spirited contest the enemy were repulsed, losing a battery, five guns, two colours, and 450 prisoners. On the evening of the 14th, in order to counteract a dangerous flank movement by General Lee, General Meade was forced to fall back to Chantilly and Fairfax, the latter place being within fifteen miles of Washington. On the evening of the 15th General Lee occupied the old battle-ground at Bull Run, and his cavalry held all the passes in the adjoining mountains. At the date of the last accounts both armies were confronting each other, and a general engagement appeared imminent.

A corps of the Confederate army was reported to be moving in the direction of Leesburg, and a strong reconnoitring detachment had been sent by General Meade to watch its movements.

General Longstreet was reported to have rejoined General Lee, whose army had been greatly swelled by fresh conscripts. So great were the apprehensions entertained in Washington that reports were current there on the 15th that a great battle, in which the whole of both armies were engaged, commenced at daylight in the morning on the thirce bloody field of Bull Run, and during the day rumours reached the city that the contending forces had arrived at the south bank of the Potomac. This rumour, however, appears to have had its origin more in fear than in fact, for no such battle had been fought up to the 17th. It was reported that General Meade had been succeeded in the command of the army of the Potomac by General Sickles, but this needed confirmation.

STATE OF AFFAIRS AT CHATTANOOGA.

The position of General Rosecranz in Tennessee was becoming very critical. The Confederates were concentrating artillery on Mission Ridge to shell Chattanooga, and were operating in all directions in order to cut off Rosecranz's communications, in which they had succeeded to a great extent, and General Burnside was completely isolated from Rosecranz.

The Confederates were intrenching themselves in force on Burnside's left, and Bragg had thrown a force across the Kawashee river upon Burnside's right, compelling him to fall back to beyond Athens, which the Confederates occupy.

General Burnside had attacked the Confederates under Generals Jackson and Williams at Blue Springs, near Greenville, in Tennessee. The Confederates maintained their position, inflicting heavy loss upon the Federals, until nightfall, when they retired towards Greenville. Burnside was reported to have marched in pursuit on the following day.

A train of upwards of 300 waggons, containing ammunition and supplies for the Federals, had been destroyed near Anderson, in Alabama. The teamsters were made prisoners, and the mules either driven off or shot, and railroads and telegraph-lines were continually interrupted at different points throughout the entire distance between Chattanooga and Nashville. The Federals now state that their casualties in the battles of Chickamauga will not fall short of 15,000 men.

It was believed to be the plan of the Confederates to keep a powerful army in front of Chattanooga, and, without making any further assault upon General Rosecranz, continue to harass him with their artillery in front, while strong detachments of cavalry are thrown in his rear to break up his communications, so as ultimately to compel him to capitulate or retreat upon Knoxville or Nashville.

WAR NEWS.

The threatened attack on Charleston had not been made; in the meantime the Confederates had exploded a torpedo against the Ironsides, and inflicted considerable damage on that formidable ship, which it was asserted would have to be sent north for repairs. Charleston Harbour was reported to be effectually closed against the entrance of the ironclads.

Advices from New Orleans of the 4th report that the advanced guard of General Herron's army, in Louisiana, consisting of cavalry, infantry, and artillery, had been surrounded and captured near Norganza by the Confederates. General Herron had been relieved of the command on account of ill health, and was succeeded by General Danz. Intelligence from New Orleans of the 10th states that the Federal advance from Brasher city was resumed on the 3rd, and that immediate offensive operations would be carried on in the Teche country. General Banks left Orleans on the 8th to join the army.

The Confederates, under Shelby, Coffee, and other officers, were committing extensive depredations in Missouri. They burnt the town of Carthage on the 8th, and had destroyed several stations and bridges on the Pacific railroad. General Schofield, at St. Louis, had officially announced to General Halleck that General Brown fought a battle with the Confederates, under Colonel Shelby, near Boonesville, in Missouri, on the 13th inst., which resulted in the defeat of the Confederates, the loss of all their artillery, small arms, baggage, and many prisoners.

Several culverts on the Memphis and Charleston Railway, near Gamantown, ten miles east of Memphis, were destroyed in an attack made upon Collinsville by Confederate cavalry on the 11th. The latest Federal accounts state that the damage had been repaired and the Confederates driven southwards by General Sherman.

GENERAL NEWS.

President Lincoln had made a call for 300,000 fresh troops; and a rumour was current in New York that a second conscription of 600,000 men will be proposed to Congress immediately on its assembly.

The State elections in Iowa and Indiana, as well as those in Pennsylvania and Ohio, had gone in favour of the Ministerial candidates and of the vigorous prosecution of the war.

Secretary Chase, in a speech delivered in Cincinnati on the evening previous to the elections in Ohio, justified every act of the Administration, and believed the rebellion virtually at an end. He declared that the evidences of strength shown by the Republic during the war were sufficient guarantees against intervention; that certain acts of unfriendliness had sometimes made him feel "as if he should like to take old mother England by the hair and give her a good shaking." He was certain that no more pirate ships would be sent out from England to prey upon American commerce, and that eventually England would consider it the best policy to pay for all the depredations of the Alabama and her consorts.

Governor Gamble, of Missouri, had issued a proclamation declaring that any attempt to remove him from his office before the expiration of his term of administration will be regarded and treated by him as treason against the State, the penalty for which is death. He also gives warning that any interference with the elections on the part of the military will be resisted by the employment of all the force at his command.

Lord Lyons arrived in Washington on the 10th, accompanied by Vice-Admiral Sir Alexander Milne and his secretaries. They called next morning at an early hour on the Secretary of State, who, in the course of the day, presented them to the President, and afterwards attended them to the several departments, where they paid their respects to the Secretaries of the Treasury, War, Navy, and Interior, the Postmaster-General, and the Attorney-General. The Cabinet met the British visitors at dinner with Lord Lyons, and next day they accepted a dinner given them by the Secretary of State.

On the 11th Admiral Milne and his suite, with Lord Lyons and the entire British Legation, attended by the Secretary of State and assistant, and a son of the Secretary of War, visited Mount Vernon

and the tomb of Washington. The excursion was made in the steamer Carrie Martin, and was in all respects a pleasant one. The naval officers stationed on the Potomac waited on the Admiral, and were received by him with great courtesy. Accompanied by Major-General Heintzelman, with a proper military escort, the party visited the convalescent camp, the contraband camp, and other places of interest in the department of Washington.

Those of the negro soldiers who participated in the murder of the Bickham family, at Bickham's Landing, in Kentucky, during the early part of the summer, were hung at Columbus on the 9th inst. The execution was witnessed by the coloured troops in the vicinity. Three other negroes who were accessory to the murder have been sentenced to imprisonment for terms of from one to five years.

FOUNDATION OF THE WEDGWOOD INSTITUTE.

On Monday the Chancellor of the Exchequer laid the foundation-stone of the Wedgwood Institute, at Burslem, in Staffordshire, a public building designed to embrace a school of art, a museum, and free library, to be erected by the inhabitants of the Potteries as a memorial in his native town and first place of business in honour of the late Josiah Wedgwood, whose name and genius are intimately associated with the enterprise and art manufacture of the district.

The ceremony excited the greatest interest in the neighbourhood, and the day was kept as a holiday throughout the whole of the district, and the presence of three Cabinet Ministers imparted to the occasion an importance far exceeding any mere local interest. At one o'clock the Chancellor of the Exchequer entered the tent under which the ceremony was to take place, and was received with enthusiastic cheering. There were also present Earl Granville, the Bishop of Lichfield, Viscount Ingestre; Mr. Lowe, M.P.; Mr. Adderley, M.P.; Sir James Duke, M.P.; Mr. Grenfell, M.P.; Mr. Ewart, M.P.; Mrs. and Miss Gladstone, &c.

The proceedings commenced with the presentation of two addresses to Mr. Gladstone—one by the chief bailiff and members of the local government of the district of Burslem, on behalf of the inhabitants, and the other by the working men. The foundation-stone was then laid with the usual ceremonies, prayer having first been offered by the Bishop of Lichfield, and Mr. Gladstone proceeded to deliver his address:—

WHY HE ACCEPTED THE INVITATION.

In the course of his introductory remarks Mr. Gladstone explained that it was his practice to decline all invitations to ceremonial of a purely local character, unless such as he had some personal connection with, but he considered the present one as really national, "because the manufacture of earthenware in its varied and innumerable branches is fast becoming, or has indeed become, one of our great and distinguishing British manufactures, and because there are certain principles applicable to manufacture, by the observance or neglect of which its products are rendered good or bad. These principles were applied by Wedgwood, with a consistency and tenacity that cannot too closely be observed, to industrial production. These principles being his, and being true, were also in no small degree peculiar to his practice, and deserve to be, in the permanent annals of art, especially associated with his name." Mr. Gladstone, then noticing that his speaking appeared as if the learner was teaching those who could teach, said that he submitted his opinions with all deference, but he was anxious, having formed a high estimate of Wedgwood in his relation to the general laws of industrial production, to have that estimate fully and fairly brought to the trial of public judgment. Again, "in the office which I hold as a servant of the Crown, and which places me in incessant contact with the industry of the country in its several branches, I am anxious, from the deep interest I feel in its welfare, to bear my testimony to the principles of which Wedgwood was, so to speak, an apostle; and, moreover, to give to that testimony any little weight which such an office and such a deep interest and near relation established by it, may be likely, in the absence of higher personal qualifications, to impart. Thirty years ago it would probably have been held by many, and it may still be the thought of some, that the matters of which I have now to speak are matters which may well be left to regulate themselves. To vindicate for trade in all its branches the principle and power of self-regulation has been for nearly a quarter of a century a principal function of the British Parliament. But the very same stage in our political and social existence which has taught us the true and beneficial application of the laws of political economy has likewise disclosed to us the just limits of the science and of the field of its practical application. The very same age which has seen the State strike off the fetters of industry has also seen it interpose with boldness for the protection of labour. The same spirit of policy which has taken from the producer the enjoyment of preferences paralysing to him and most costly to the community at large has offered him the aids of knowledge and instruction by whatever means, either of precept or example, public authority could command."

BEAUTY.

Mr. Gladstone, noticing the excellence of British manufactures in useful productions, spoke of the necessity of associating beauty with convenience, and said "beauty is not an accident of things, it pertains to their essence; it pervades the wide range of creation, and, wherever it is impaired or banished, we have in this fact the proof of the moral disorder which disturbs the world. Reject, therefore, the false philosophy of those who will ask, 'What does it matter, provided a thing be useful, whether it be beautiful or not,' and say in reply that we will take our lesson from Almighty God, who in His works hath shown us, and in His word also hath told us, that 'He hath made everything,' not one thing or another thing, but everything 'beautiful in his time.' Among all the devices of creation there is not one more wonderful, whether it be the movement of the heavenly bodies, or the succession of the seasons and the years, or the adaptation of the world and its phenomena to the conditions of human life, or the structure of the eye or hand, or any part of the frame of man—not one of these is more wonderful than the profuseness with which the mighty Maker has shed over the works of His hands an endless and boundless beauty. And to this constitution of things outward, the constitution and mind of man, deranged though they be, still answer from within. Down to the humblest condition of life, down to the lowest and most backward grade of civilisation, the nature of man craves and seems as it were even to cry aloud for something, some sign or token, at the least, of what is beautiful in some of the many spheres of mind or sense. It is that makes the Spitalfields weaver, amid the murky streets of London, train canaries and bullfinches to sing to him at his work; that fills with flowerpots the windows of the poor; that leads the peasant of Pembrokeshire to paint the outside of his cottage in lively colours; that prompts in the humble class of women a desire for some little personal ornament, certainly not without its dangers (for what sort of indulgence can ever be without them?), yet sometimes, perhaps, too sternly repressed from the high and luxurious places of society. We trace the operation of this principle yet more conspicuously in a loftier region—in that instinct of natural and Christian piety which taught the early masters of the fine arts to clothe the noblest objects of our faith, and especially the idea of the sacred person of our Lord, in the noblest forms of beauty that their minds could conceive or their hands could execute. It is, in short, difficult for human beings to harden themselves at all points against the impressions and the charm of beauty."

MERITS OF WEDGWOOD.

Mr. Gladstone then pointed out the danger of artists neglecting beauty in their manufactures, as it was an element of expense, and their rule was cheapness; but also pointed out that the cheapest at first was not the cheapest in the long run. Mankind were willing to pay a price for beauty, and the neglect of beauty was revenged by the demand for embellishment of some kind; and the manufacturers, unable to supply beautiful embellishment, substituted strength for flavour, quantity for quality, and ended by producing incongruous excrescences, or even hideous malformations, at a greater cost than would have sufficed for the nourishment among us of chaste and virgin art. As to the peculiar character of their hero, "his most signal and characteristic merit lay, as I have said, in the fitness and fulness of his perception of the true law of what we term industrial art; or, in other words, of the application of the higher art to industry—the law which teaches us to aim first at giving to every object the greatest possible degree of fitness and convenience for its purpose, and next at making it the vehicle of the highest degree of beauty which, compatibly with that fitness and convenience, it will bear. It does not substitute the secondary for the primary end, but recognises as part of its business the study to harmonise the two. To have a strong grasp of this principle, and to work it out to its results in the details of a vast and varied manufacture, is a praise high enough for any man, at any time and in any place. But it was higher and more peculiar, as I think, in the case of Wedgwood than in almost any other case it could be. For that truth of art which he saw so clearly, and which lies at the root of excellence, was one of which England, his country, has not usually had a perception at all corresponding with her other rare endowments. She has long taken the lead among the nations of Europe for the cheapness of her manufactures; not so for their beauty. And, if the day shall ever come when she shall be as eminent in taste as she is now in economy of production, my belief is that that result will probably be due to no other single man in so great a degree as to Wedgwood."

CAUSE OF ENGLISH WANT OF TASTE.

Enlarging on this topic Mr. Gladstone said that it was no natural untiness which in former times had given us reputation for ugliness in manufacture. "It has not, I think, been sufficiently considered what immense disadvantages were brought upon the country as respects the application of fine art to industry by the great revolutionary war. Not only was the engraving character of a deadly struggle unfavourable to all such purposes, but our communion with the civilised world was placed under restraint; and we were in great measure excluded from resort to those cities and countries

which possess in the greatest abundance the examples bequeathed by former excellence. Nor could it be expected that Kings and Governments, absorbed in a conflict of life and death, and dependent for the means of sustaining it on enormous and constant loans, could spare either thought or money from war and its imperious demands for these the most pacific among all the purposes of peace. At any rate, I take it to be nearly certain that the period of the war was a period of general and progressive depression, and even degradation, in almost every branch of industrial art; that the fabrics of your own manufacture, for example, were, in point of beauty, much inferior to what they had been at a former time; that the older factories had in some cases died out, in others—such as Worcester, for instance—they declined; and that, whereas Wedgwood is said to have exported five-sixths of what he made, we not only had lost any hold such as he had gained upon the foreign market, but we owed the loss, in part at least, to our marked declension in excellence and taste."

WEDGWOOD'S PRODUCTIONS.

Mr. Gladstone then noticed the principal features in Wedgwood's life, remarking that what he considered a great omission—the want of biography—was, he believed, about to be supplied, and dwelt especially upon his ability in associating with himself such men as Flaxman, though he (Mr. Gladstone) considered that Wedgwood's own share in designing was greater than was supposed. He selected the cheaper productions to show how Wedgwood applied his principles. "Commerce did for him what the King of France did for Sèvres and the Duke of Cumberland for Chelsea. And I would venture to say that the lower works of Wedgwood are as much distinguished by the fineness and accuracy of their adaptation to their uses as his higher ones by their successful exhibition of the finest art. Take, for instance, his common plates, of the value of a few pence each. They fit one another as closely as the cards in a pack. At least I, for one, have never seen plates that fit like the plates of Wedgwood and become one solid mass. This accuracy of form must, I apprehend, render them much more safe in carriage. Of the excellence of these plates we take it for a proof that they were largely exported to France, if not elsewhere, that they were there printed or painted with buildings or scenes belonging to the country, and then sent out again as national manufactures. Again, take such a jug as he would manufacture for the wash-hand table of a garret. I have seen these made apparently of the commonest material used in the trade. But, instead of being built up, like many fashionable jugs of more modern manufacture, in such a shape that a crane could not easily get his neck to bend into them, and that the water can hardly be poured out without risk of spraining the wrist, they are constructed in a simple, capacious, form of flowing curves; broad at the top, and so poised that a slight and easy movement of the hand discharges the water. A round cheeseholder or dish generally presents, in its upper parts, a flat space surrounded by a carved rim; but a cheeseholder of Wedgwood will make itself known by this, that the flat is so dead a flat, and its curve so marked and bold a curve, thus at once furnishing the eye with a line agreeable and well defined, and affording the utmost available space for the cheese. I feel persuaded that a Wiltshire cheese, if it could speak, would declare itself more comfortable in a dish of Wedgwood than in any other dish. Again, there are certain circular inkstands by Wedgwood, which are described in the 21st section of the catalogue. Great care has been bestowed upon the mechanical arrangement, with a view to the preservation of the pen and the economical and cleanly use of the ink. The prices are from sixpence to eight shillings, according to size and finish. I have one of these, not, however, black, like those mentioned in the catalogue, but of his creamy white ware. I should guess that it must have been published at the price of a shilling, or less. It carries a slightly recessed rectilinear ornament, which agreeably relieves a form otherwise somewhat monotonous. But the ornament does not push this inkstand out of its own homely order. It is so tasteful that it would not disgrace a cabinet, so plain that it would suit a counting-house." Mr. Gladstone, after noticing in a similar manner Mr. Wedgwood's intermediate productions, alluded to the restraint and sobriety of his colouring, and suggested as the reason—not mere imitation, but the classical severity of his forms. "I hope it will not be thought presumptuous to give utterance to an opinion that the forms of many among the most costly and splendid vases which were produced at Chelsea, and even at Sèvres, in the last century, were unsatisfactory; sometimes fantastic, often heavy and ungainly, rarely successful in harmonising the handles with the vessel, and, upon the whole, neither conformable to any strict law of art nor worthy of the material, the fine colouring, drawing, composition, and gilding there and elsewhere so often exhibited in the decoration. On comparing the forms of these vases with those of Wedgwood, although these doubtless have suffered as to their finer proportions from shrinking in the fire, I think it is impossible to avoid being struck with his superiority, and feeling that his lifetime constitutes in itself a manufacture nothing less than a new era as to form. It is hard to avoid conjecturing that his eye must have noticed and must in this respect have condemned the prevailing fashion, and that he must have formed a deliberate resolution to do what I think unquestionably he did—namely, to exhibit to the world in this vital particular a much higher standard of excellence."

The right hon. gentleman concluded his speech by praises of the personal character of the man whom they honoured, and, after adverting to the prosperity which his inventions had brought to the district, concluded amid loud cheers. A déjeuner was immediately afterwards served in the Townhall, Earl Granville presiding, when addresses were delivered by the chairman, Mr. Gladstone, and other gentlemen.

IRELAND.

THE ARCHBISHOPRIC OF DUBLIN.—The supposed appointment of the Rev. Canon Stanley to the archbishopric of Dublin has given rise to a great deal of discussion among the Irish clergy. What may be called the extreme Evangelical party, with whom the late Dr. Whately was no favourite either, take strong exception to his religious views. They declare that he is not orthodox, and their organ has even gone so far as to accuse him of holding opinions almost parallel to those advanced in the "Essays and Reviews." There is a large party, on the other hand, who deny the chief accusations made against him, and who assert that he is in every way worthy to succeed the late Archbishop. An angry public controversy has arisen between these two sections in the Church, and day after day the journals are filled by their recriminations.

THE PROVINCES.

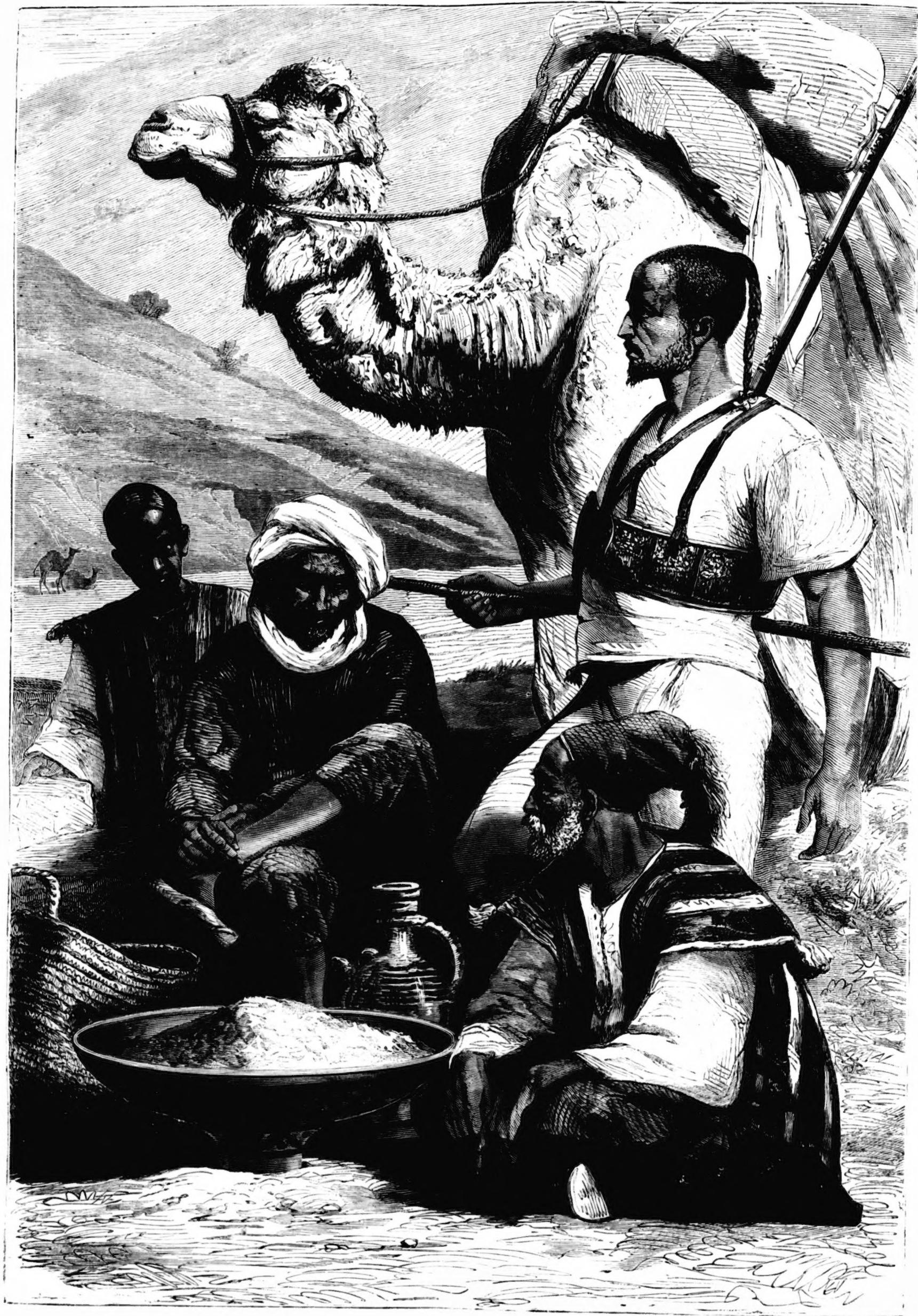
A MODEL TEACHER OF THE PEOPLE.—The following choice expressions were addressed to his congregation, one Sunday lately, by a preacher in a dissenting chapel in Preston:—"The second hymn happened to consist of eight verses, when, having read it through, he thus addressed the singers:—'Well, I dunno; this seems to be a very long hymn. I'll tell you what you must do; you must sing the first five verses and then the last two.' Having taken his text and spoken about half an hour, he said God both could and would save us from the pit, and that he would do it 'cos he'd engaged to do it.' But he didn't believe God would save us from temptation, 'cos he hadn't engaged to do it.' In alluding to an illness he had had he said, 'I was varra badly, indeed. Eh! Lorr, how I swatted!' Again he said, 'Bless you, my friends, this would be a good sermon if there was anybody here to preach it;' and he concluded by observing that the people's faith was 'wuss than Surat.'"

SINGULAR CHARGE.—At the petty sessions at Ashbourne, Derbyshire, on Saturday last, Mr. James Clifford, of Sharrow, a man of large property, was charged with having stolen a leaf from the register of the parish church of Longford. The offence is alleged to have been committed in 1804, the immediate object being to obtain the certificate of baptism of a certain William Tatlow in 1727. Although not very clearly stated in the evidence, it seems that in 1804 some action or legal process in reference to Tatlow's property was pending, and in this Mr. Clifford appears to have been concerned. It is stated that when Mr. Clifford cut out the leaf he was accompanied by a Mr. Thomas Sutton, and, curiously enough, part of the evidence given against him is a certificate by this Mr. Sutton, now dead, in which he details the affair. The magistrates committed Mr. Clifford for trial, but accepted bail.

RIPING A GRAVE.—At the West Suffolk Sessions, held at Bury St. Edmunds, on Tuesday, a man, named Bird, was charged with breaking open a coffin and stealing a quantity of valuable property therefrom. It seems that the only son of a wealthy couple residing at Mildenhall died some time ago. His parents were resolved that his watch and other property should not come into the hands of any one else, and therefore agreed that whichever of them survived the other should take care that the articles were put into the coffin of the one who first died. Mr. Chickering, the father, died last January, and, after being dressed in a suit of black, was inclosed, along with the property, in three coffins and buried in the family tomb. The sexton, a man named Docking, heard that valuable property had been buried with the deceased, and induced two other men, named Graham and Bird, to join him in robbing the tomb. They did so, and obtained, it is said, about £50 worth of plunder. The fact of the robbery was soon discovered, and Bird confessed to his share in it. The other two men absconded. Bird was brought up for trial on Tuesday, and pleaded guilty. Sentence upon him was deferred.

THE EXPLOSION AT MORFA COLLIERY.—Relays of workmen have been almost constantly employed since the occurrence of this sad calamity in endeavouring to recover the bodies of the poor fellows yet buried; but in consequence of the extensive falls of roof and rubbish the work proceeds but slowly, and there are still nearly twenty bodies unrecovered. A subscription was set on foot to provide for the families of the survivors; but as soon as this was ascertained Messrs. Vivian and Son, the lessees of the pit, made known that they, along with Mr. Talbot, the proprietor, are prepared to take the whole burden of the support of the widows and children upon themselves. This generous conduct, of course, renders the appeal to the public unnecessary, and it has been withdrawn.

A STEAM BOILER exploded at the ironworks of Messrs. Rose, Bradley Bridge, Bilston, on Monday, by which three men were injured and a valuable horse was killed.



RIFF PIRATES.

THE RIFF PIRATES.

THE constant encroachment of the Riffians and the Kabyles upon the Spanish territory in Morocco has again led to serious remonstrances on the part of Spain, and has resulted in a distinct demand for satisfaction, which has been secured by Muley Abbas, brother of the Emperor of Morocco, marching against the insurgents and compelling them to make terms. These terms include the immediate recognition of the late treaty, which fixed the limits of the Moroccan

territory; the execution, at the gates of Melilla, of the authors and instigators of the aggression; and a written promise on the part of the Government to repress any such attempts in future. That the name of Riffian pirate should have originated the very word by which we understand unmitigated brutality and cruelty is a pretty good indication of the character of the people; and, indeed, the Riffian is the type of every other ruffian in the world. Ferocious, unscrupulous, half savage, and

full of the superstition of cruelty, he disregards treaties and seems to care for nothing which should deter him from pillage. In an artistic point of view he is picturesque enough, and in this view he is represented in our Engraving, which is from a sketch of a party of Riffians sitting down to their frugal meal. It will be well when only such picture mementos remain of a race which has been a scourge to the coast of Barbary for centuries, and in dealing with whom neither treaties nor armed intervention seem to be successful.

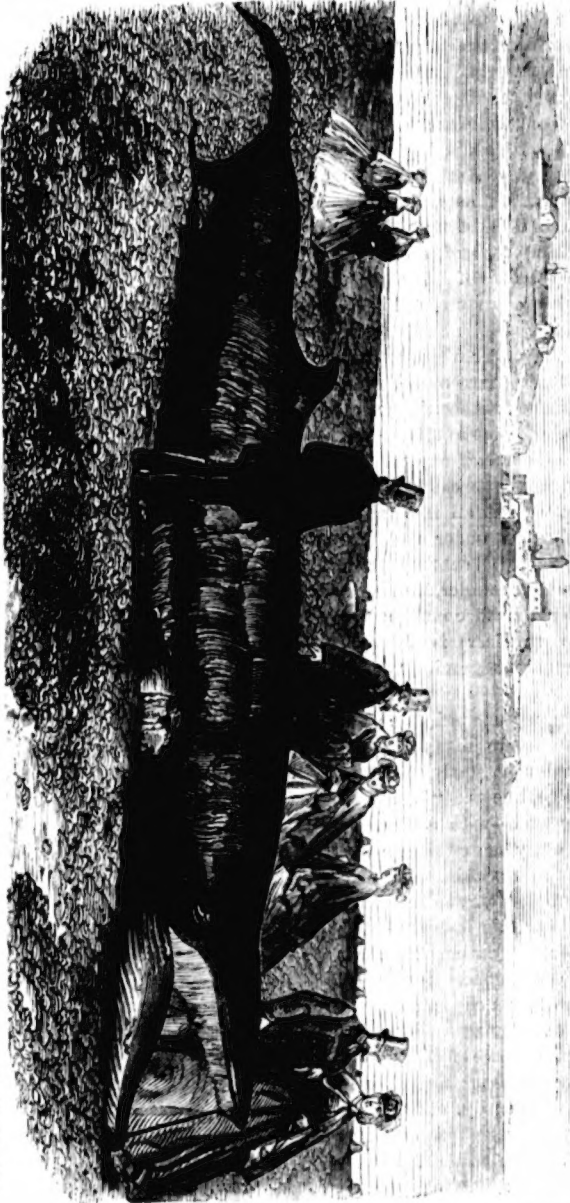
THE EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH AT ST. JEAN DE LUZ.

DURING the stay of their Imperial Majesties at Biarritz, and just before the return of the Emperor to Paris and the journey of the Empress to the Spanish Court, they made a short tour some distance into the country, reserving for a final public ceremony the review of the troops of the garrison of Bayonne in the Piques d'Armes. This was to have taken place at four p.m. on the day of the Emperor's return from Tarbes; but the public and the garrison were kept waiting two hours while their Imperial Majesties proceeded to meet a distinguished guest who had arrived on the beach at St. Jean de Luz. The stranger whose sudden appearance in the French waters thus interfered with the arrangements of the day was nothing more nor less than a whale, which had foolishly allowed itself to get stranded on the beach. Whales are said not to have been rare on that coast some few centuries back; but, either from the unhandsome treatment they met with from the Basque fishermen, or some other cause, they retired in disgust, and for a long time past their visits have been few and far between. The news was telegraphed at once to Biarritz, and the Emperor, who no doubt reflected that, though soldiers are ready at the shortest notice, whales do not come for the asking, set out at once for St. Jean de Luz. Now St. Jean de Luz was already a place of some importance from its historical associations. It was here that Francis I. repaired after the affair of Madrid; here that Cardinal Mazarin lived while concocting the famous treaty of the Pyrenees which was signed in the island of Falaise; and it was here that, in 1660, Louis XIV. espoused Maria Theresa. It was evident, therefore, that all that was required by St. Jean de Luz to crown its fame was a whale; and behold! there came a whale, at the very nick of time, when Imperial leisure and Imperial vicinity were both favourable to its solemn reception.

This young but distinguished visitor, who may be said to have sacrificed itself to St. Jean de Luz, found it impossible to retire from so important a town, and so remained upon the beach to be measured and visited. From the former process we learn that its circumference was about seven feet, and its length about twenty feet. It will doubtless have conferred great benefit on the little town, since it has procured for it the distinction of an unexpected Imperial visit; and even during the short stay made by the Royal party the Emperor contrived to express his interest in the works and improvements of the place.

THE FRENCH IRONCLADS.

THE performances of the French squadron of ironclads, which left Cherbourg for a trial cruise at the end of last month, have scarcely been satisfactory, but they have at least been useful as illustrating what may be expected of the different classes of vessels of which the fleet is composed. The first class of vessel was



VISIT OF THE EMPEROR AND EMPRESS OF THE FRENCH TO THE WHALE STRANDED ON THE BEACH AT ST. JEAN DE LUZ.

represented by the Normandie and the Invincible, the second by the Couronne, and the third by the Solferino and the Magenta. The Couronne differs from the Normandie and the Invincible, not only in her lines and internal construction, but also in being more completely plated, while the Solferino and the Magenta are of a mixed class, and are armed with plating only at certain points, mainly for protecting the batteries and the men when in action. On the 27th of September the squadron left the Cherbourg roadstead. On the following Wednesday night they experienced a violent gale from the north-west, and the sea rose in heavy swells. The Magenta lay across the waves and rolled considerably. Two of her boats having been damaged by the heavy sea running, she came round and made five knots an hour, with only some of her fires alight, and she might have made seven knots, which is considered exceptional under such circumstances. At daylight on Thursday there were none of the other ships within view.

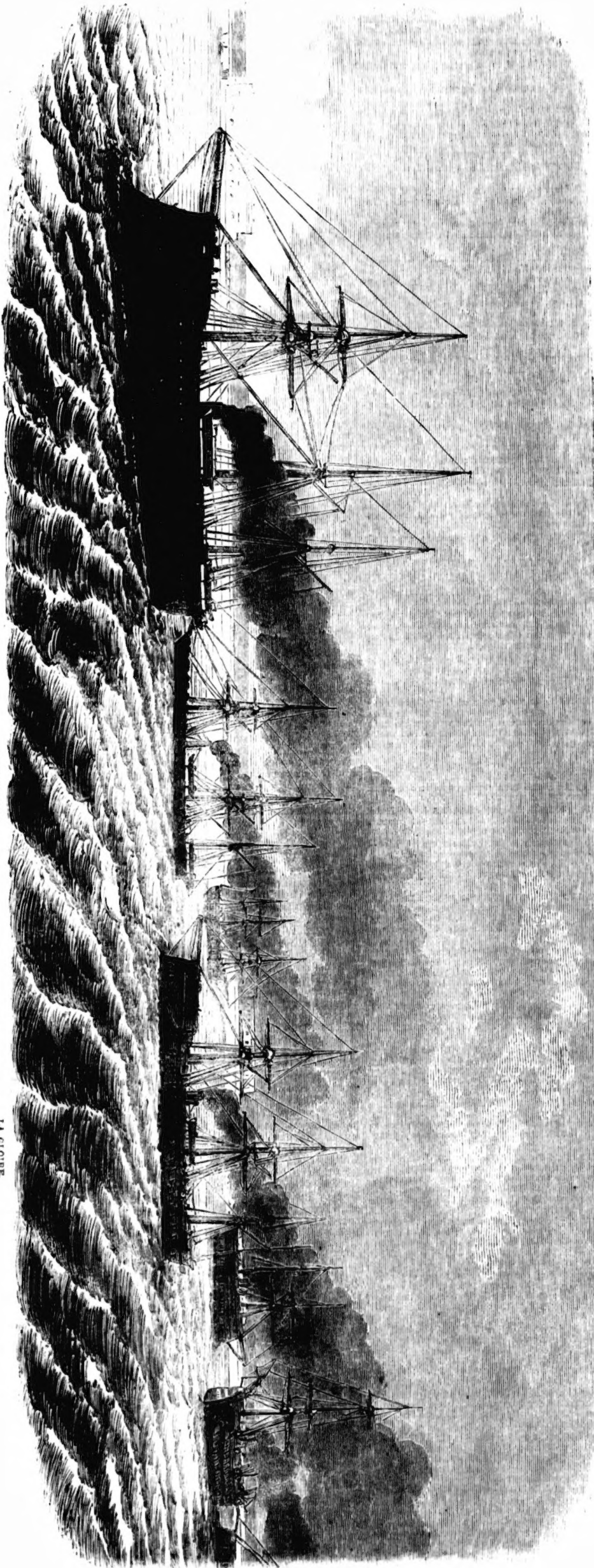
Into the lower portions of the Normandie the water flowed in torrents, the officers' cabins were almost demolished, and both clothes and money were washed away in the confusion.

On Friday morning the Magenta reached the point of meeting agreed on, where she found the Admiral's ship. The others arrived shortly after. They were all more or less damaged. The Normandie lost her bowsprit and foretop-mast. She rolled so fearfully that apprehensions were entertained for her safety in consequence of the immense quantity of water she shipped. The Couronne lost several of her boats. The Invincible likewise lost some of her boats, and her machinery was damaged. The Napoleon, the model sailing and steam ship, lost her bows and suffered greatly. The ships of the line, Magenta and Solferino, were the least injured; and their superiority was evident, not only over the frigates, but likewise over one of the best ships of war in the Imperial navy.

The question of the seagoing qualities of the several vessels has thus been resolved in favour of the two ships of the line; and it is believed that one of the principal causes of their superiority is owing to the relative lightness of their bows and stern.

The same ships have a manifest superiority in a military point of view. The Normandie can only carry from 36 to 40 guns—the Magenta carries 52. The difference may not be considerable, but it must be observed that during the late cruise the Normandie could not fire a shot because it was found necessary to keep her portholes closed, while twenty-four of the Solferino's guns were available.

The commissioners who were present at the comparative trial of the several ships consider it to have been satisfactory. Every one of the ships was able to keep the sea during the worst weather; and in point of invulnerability, though some are less perfect than others, their seagoing qualities and their power of resistance are proved to be superior to those of any ships in the Imperial navy.



LA NORMANDIE. LA TRIUMPHANT. LA GLOIRE. TRIAL CRUISE OF THE FRENCH IRON-PLATED SHIPS.—THE SQUADRON LEAVING THE CHERBOURG ROADS.

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ILLUSTRATED TIMES.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1863.

STARVATION BY ACT OF PARLIAMENT.

WE are not yet, it seems, to hear the last of Bethnal-green. Scarcely has the reporter ceased recording the death of a family by "blood-poisoning"—in other words, from stench, uncleanness, and insufficient light, air, and water—when his pen is again called into requisition upon a case of slow starvation, involving a charge of utter heartlessness against the parish authorities.

The poor starved creature was a woman who resided with a family of nine children, two of whom earned between them a sum miserably insufficient even for their own support. A few scraps of furniture had been preserved for the common use. The father of the family had been for the last six months in gaol. The mother fell ill, from want and sorrow, and applied to the parish doctor. He was not within, for his office in Bethnal-green is no sinecure; but his son at once gave a certificate that the patient was "in a declining state," requiring more attendance than she could get at her home. A kind neighbour took this note to the so-called "relieving officer," a Mr. Christey, who, upon the ground that Dr. Moore's son held no parochial appointment, fairly bullied the applicant out of the workhouse. Then Dr. Moore himself wrote a letter, stating that the patient was "delirious from privation and distress," and advising that she should be immediately admitted into the parish infirmary. Armed with this document, one Richard Sillett, described as salesman to a wine merchant, repaired to the den of Christey. The only result was that Christey ordered him out, and, as he stood in the doorway, lingering to urge the case of his wretched client, kicked his legs to expedite his departure. Four days afterwards the poor woman perished.

Nothing would be easier than to follow the above brief statement of saddening fact by a deprecation of the flinty-heartedness of parochial authorities generally, and of the man Christey in particular. But in this respect we beg to differ, as usual, from those of our contemporaries who trace results no farther than their proximate causes. The man Christey is not only a representative, but an inevitable product of such a parish as Bethnal-green under the present poor law. If, through any possible legal subtlety, he could be hanged to-morrow for constructive murder, his successor would certainly be as cruel as he, or the office must again change hands. A soft-hearted relieving-officer is as useless as indiarubber pavement. Both must be granite, and the harder the better for the purpose.

This may appear very uncharitable; but we only state the case, we do not attempt to justify it. We only desire to cast the blame where it ought justly to fall, and that is not upon relieving-officers, who, like the "bran new porter" in the old ballad "relieve the poor—with a thump on the back with a stone," but upon every man throughout the country who, having any possible means of bringing a voice—an influence—to bear upon its legislation, neglects to expose the terrible fallacy upon which our poor laws are based.

That fallacy is the foundation of the iniquity by which each parish is compelled to support its own poor from its own resources. The consequence is that the more needy and pauperised the parish, the more heavily is it rated for the support of poverty. Hence follows all the mischief. The inhabitants, of whom a large number struggle for half their lives with misery, necessarily, either by themselves or their representatives, close the gates of relief against all but the most imperative of claims, until at last their discrimination follows their lost benevolence. Then arises an outcry against the inhumanity of officials, whose humanity has been exorcised by the absolute necessities of their position. Saint Dives, in whose parish every house has a portico, exhibits his courteous officials, his few contented paupers, and his well-appointed workhouse, which would be empty but for his union with an adjoining district in which a certain number of artificers and small tradesmen occasionally come to ruin. Saint Lazarus, in union with St. Ives, exhibits constantly his "shocking example" of inhumanity in conjunction with his enormous poor rates, and his crowded lazaret-house, of which the horrors are aggravated by the incompetence of the parochial funds to supply its most obvious requirements. Its officers must be brutal, its comforts must be slender, for if it offered advantages, half the inhabitants of both parishes would avail themselves of its resources. The whole fault, we repeat, lies in the system. Equalise the poor rates, at least in the metropolis, and no more will be heard of the barbarities of East-end workhouse officials. There is scarcely a stronger reason why each separate parish, than why each separate house, should be called upon to maintain its own poor. There are many points in the poor law which call aloud for revision; but the chief and most apparent is that by which the poorer are called upon either to contribute beyond their means, and far more than the wealthy districts, or in self-defence to appoint and maintain in office those who exercise their power to close the workhouse gates against not only indigence but actual, visible, and certified misery and starvation.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

THE QUEEN and the younger members of the Royal family returned to Windsor from Balmoral on Wednesday morning.

HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCESS OF WALES is expected to be confined in March next.

THE EMPRESS OF THE FRENCH embarked at Valencia on Tuesday for France.

THE COURTIER OF FRANCIS II., ex-King of Naples, are said to be gradually deserting him.

A STORY is current of a projected marriage between the Comte de Paris and his cousin, the daughter of the Duc de Montpensier.

MR. WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR, who is now in his ninetieth year, has in the press a volume of Heroic Idylls and other poems.

AN ELEGANT LITTLE THEATRE is about to be erected, by command of her Majesty, at Windsor Castle.

SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON is reported to be engaged in writing a new play for Mr. Fechter.

OWING TO A TELEGRAPHIC BLUNDER, a quantity of butter was recently shipped from Toulon to Egypt instead of beef.

THE COMPANY which lately undertook to erect a permanent exhibition building at Auteuil, near Paris, has become bankrupt.

MR. W. H. COOKE, of the Inner Temple, and Messrs. J. Gray and J. J. Powell, of the Middle Temple, are to be raised to the rank of Queen's Counsel.

MR. WILLIAM CURRIE, M.P. for Andover and ex-Lord Mayor of London, died on Wednesday night at his seat, Penton Lodge, near Andover, in his 73rd year.

GRAHAM'S SHOAL, between the island of Pantillaria and the town of Selaccia, on the coast of Sicily, which first appeared in 1831, has again risen out of the sea.

SIR CHARLES FOX has been surveying the port of Lymington, in Hants, with a view to the formation of an extensive system of docks there.

A GUARD OF MARINES has been placed on board the Birkenhead rams, and the workmen engaged upon them have been discharged.

A MARRIAGE is about to take place between the Hon. Robert Bourke, third son of the Earl of Mayo, and brother of Lord Naas, and Lady Susan Brown Ramsay, eldest daughter of the late Marquis of Dalhousie.

A SCOTCH CLERGYMAN has been reprimanded by the Sheriff Substitute of Elginshire for assisting a bride who was unable to write to sign her name.

THE FRENCH HAVE PROCLAIMED A BLOCKADE of the ports in the Mexican Gulf, with the exception of Vera Cruz, Tampico, and two or three others.

IN 1861 THERE WERE IN THE WORKHOUSES a half-pay officer, a clergyman, 10 solicitors, 15 surgeons, an author, 88 schoolmasters, and 79 school-mistresses.

THE LONDON AND THE ST. KATHARINE DOCK COMPANIES have been amalgamated, and it is said that the Victoria Docks and the East and West India Docks will probably also be shortly included in the same arrangement.

MANY OF THE FRUIT-TREES in the neighbourhood of Charlerei are now, for the second time, in full bloom, and several of the gardens exposed to a southern aspect present the appearance of the month of May rather than that of October.

MR. J. PAYNE, Deputy Judge of the Middlesex Sessions, was robbed of his watch, in broad daylight and in the presence of several persons, in Fleet-street, on Wednesday. The thief escaped.

THE TOWER OF BRISTOL CATHEDRAL being considered in an unsafe condition, it will most probably require to be taken down and rebuilt. The expense is estimated at about £10,000, of which sum, it is reported, the Dean and Chapter will supply £6000.

A NEWFOUNDLAND DOG was lately picked up at sea, about ten miles from our coast, standing upon a piece of wreck about two yards long, forming part of a vessel, other portions of which were floating near.

THE LORD HIGH COMMISSIONER OF THE IONIAN ISLANDS has announced that the British Government has not adopted any decision relative to the fortifications of Corfu, the other great Powers not having come to any understanding, thus far, upon the subject.

LETTERS FROM ST. PETERSBURG deny that there is any truth in the statement about Russia building war vessels in the Black Sea. But Russia, as a rule, adopts the convenient course of denying everything until it has been proved.

AT BORDEAUX AND AT NANTES there are a pair of Confederate rams being built; and a private account from Bordeaux states that the builder gives out that he privately inquired of the French Government whether the rams would be allowed to go, and that the French Government replied in the affirmative. The permission to equip these vessels, it has since been stated, is withdrawn.

PREPARATIONS FOR THE COURT-MARTIAL ON LIEUTENANT-COLONEL CRAWLEY are in progress at the clubhouse at Aldershot. The building, which is situated on the right of the Farnborough-road, opposite the south camp, will afford every convenience for the purpose.

THE MAGISTRATES OF THE CLONBUR PETTY SESSIONS have shown their condemnation of the recent insult to his Excellency the Lord-Lieutenant by refusing to renew the license to King, proprietor of the Maam Hotel.

THE BARQUE EDWIN and LIZZIE, which has just arrived in Liverpool from Prince Edward's Island with a cargo of timber, on the 12th inst., while in lat. 45° 1' N. and long. 27° 8' W., was struck on the stem by a large whale, and sustained so much damage that it was with difficulty she could be kept afloat till she reached port.

THE BODIES OF SCHUBERT AND BEETHOVEN HAVE BEEN EXHUMED, for the purpose of being interred in metal sarcophagi. Beethoven's head was found minus his ears, which had been cut off after death to discover the cause of his deafness, and were subsequently stolen from the dissecting surgeon. Both bodies have been photographed.

IN ST. ANDREW'S CHURCH, STRATTON, the other Sunday, the banns had been published for "the third time of asking," when a tall, middle-aged woman rose from her seat, and in an audible voice said, "I forbid these banns, Sir." The man was about to commit bigamy, and the woman who forbade the banns was his wife.

A BARBAROUS MURDER took place in the county of Tipperary on Saturday last. A farmer named Kelly, living near the town of Borrisokane, was found lying dead in a pool of blood a little way from the high road. His skull had been battered in with stones.

GENERAL ROSECRANZ was not personally present in the battle of Chancellorsville, his absence being caused by a fit of epilepsy, the General being subject to such attacks; and the Northern journals find great comfort in the fact that it was to epilepsy, and not to the skill of General Bragg and the valour of the Confederate troops, that the great defeat in Georgia was owing.

LORD CARLINGFORD is resolved to dispute the honours of M. Nadar, the French aeronaut. He claims for himself the credit of discovering the principle of aerial navigation, and promises that in a short time he will make a "chariot" upon which he has been experimenting for so many years "fly in any direction."

AT A VILLAGE A SHORT DISTANCE FROM DOVER the child of a poor woman was lying at the point of death when a gentle tap was heard at the door. The visitor turned out to be the sexton's wife, who asked whether it was likely the child would be long dying, as her husband wanted to go out, but would delay his departure if it was thought death would shortly take place!

THE REV. JOSEPH STEVENSON, who is supposed to have been the oldest member of the University of Cambridge, died last week. He was educated at St. John's College, and graduated in 1791, three years previously to the late Lord Lyndhurst. In 1802 he was presented to the rectory of Selworthy, near Minehead, and held it up to the day of his death.

ARRANGEMENTS are in contemplation for carrying out an extended system of banking in the kingdom of Greece by a combination of the National Bank of Greece and the Ionian Bank, both of which have an established and profitable business, and by the introduction into the management of indigent Greeks in London.

DETRIMENTS A FLOOD in one of the French provinces lately, the River Lot was covered with a great variety of objects, and amongst them was one of considerable size, which especially attracted attention. A boatman put off to ascertain what it could be, and was astonished to find that it was a cradle containing a fine boy, about six months old, fast asleep. At the child's feet lay a large Angola cat, which seemed half paralysed with fear.

THE SUPREME TRIBUNAL OF MADRID has just given final judgment in a suit which had been under litigation for 240 years, and which involved the succession to the inheritance of Francisco Pizarro, the famous invader, conqueror, and first Spanish Governor of Peru.

A PROSPECTING PARTY, in British Columbia, recently found the dead body of a white man wrapped in a blanket, and its head pillowed on a log. The body was in an advanced state of decomposition, and near at hand lay a tin cup, on which were scratched these words:—"Donald Munro; lost in the wood; is from Inverness, Scotland; born June, 1825."

THE FINANCE MINISTER OF HOLLAND has submitted a bill to the States-General for the entire removal of the stamp-tax on Dutch and foreign newspapers, reviews, &c. He has prepared this bill because he considers the press the most efficacious instrument for the progress of civilisation and the development of nations, and for diffusing political and social knowledge, without which a free nation can only imperfectly exercise its rights.

AT TOULOUSE A MEDICAL STUDENT, having received a present of an ape, approached it with the intention of killing it for dissection, when it suddenly vaulted on its master's back, and proceeded to squeeze his throat with its bony fingers. The student was half strangled, and would probably have perished had not one of his comrades come into the room, who, after some trouble, succeeded in killing the ape.

THE LOUNGER AT THE CLUBS.

I HAVE received a letter from a respectable inhabitant of Southampton on the subject of the Hartley Institution, from which, though it is marked "private," I will take the liberty to quote one paragraph:—"In justice to the Hartley Institution," says my correspondent, "you were right." This is rather an awkward paragraph; but I gather from the remainder of the letter, which, on the whole, is well written, that the writer meant to say, "In justice to you, I feel called upon to say that you were right in your strictures." The writer then goes on to tell me how it is that the institution does not receive more support from the Southampton public. But I will not quote more from his note. What I have extracted will be sufficient to show to your readers that the Southampton people feel that the institution is not so flourishing as it ought to be, and that they know the reasons why. If I were to give those reasons I should be drawn into a controversy, for which I have neither taste, nor time, nor space at my command.

The Hon. Frederick Lygon, who lately sat for Tewkesbury, is promoted to the position of a county member. He now represents West Worcestershire, in room of his brother, who succeeded, on the death of his father, to the title of Earl Beauchamp. This is a grand step, and one which must be eminently satisfactory to Mr. Lygon; for, though county members do not rank in the house so high above borough representatives as they used to do before the Reform era, it is much pleasanter, in many ways, to be member for West Worcestershire than member for Tewkesbury. In the first place, the seat is more secure. There has been no contest for this division of Worcestershire for many years; and if some adventurous Liberal should show fight, a scion of the house of Beauchamp would sure to be at the head of the poll; and then, how pleasant it is to have no tiresome constituents to watch, and bore, and bother you! Members for boroughs are constantly exposed to the annoyance. Every morning's post brings letters from hungry electors; and many of our borough members can never cross the lobby without meeting a voter or voter's son seeking for place. And, besides this, only think of what a borough member has to do, and to suffer, to "keep up his interest" in his borough; and how his speeches and votes are criticised; and how every mistake he makes is treasured up against the day of account. But your farmers—bless them!—when once they have elected their man, never trouble themselves more about him. They let him "just gang his ain gait." And rarely do they dream of asking for places, except it may be now and then a place in the gallery. Loungers in the lobby soon come to know borough members from county, by their behaviour to their constituents; for a borough member, when he is confronted by a constituent, is all kindness and all obsequiousness in a moment. He shakes his friend by his hand, expresses the greatest delight at meeting him, inquires anxiously after his family, gets him a place at once in the Speaker's Gallery, attends him there to explain the forms of the house and to point out the nob's, invites him to dine or lunch in the refreshment-room, or, at all events, to take tea, or a glass of grog and a cigar in the smoking-room. But your county member, if a constituent crosses his path, assumes a very different attitude. "Ah! Stubble; how are you? Want anything of me?" "I thought perhaps your Honour could give me an order," replies the obsequious Stubble, hesitatingly, as if he were afraid that he were asking too much. "Oh! to be sure. I'll write you one directly," says the Squire, turning into the division-lobby, and, having written it and handed it to the grateful Stubble, away he goes, leaving Stubble astonished at the condescension of the great man. This is the difference between the position of a borough member and that of a representative of a county. The borough member is obliged to be at all times the obsequious servant of his constituents. The constituents of the county member think it an honour to be spoken to by him, and if he should, on parting, offer them a finger they are in ecstasies, and the day on which they received such a distinction becomes in all future time a red-letter day in the family almanack. Well, Mr. Lygon is now a county member. Let us hope he will carry his blushing honours meekly; and, further, as he will have no constituents to watch him, we trust that he will not keep the Speaker and the officers out of their beds with his bald and disjointed chat, as he has lately been wont to do.

Mr. Collier has been re-elected for Plymouth without opposition; Sir Roundell Palmer has also been re-elected for Richmond, unopposed; and Mr. Shaw Lefevre is in for Reading without a fight. The Government have, therefore, secured these three votes. And now for Windsor, where Captain Hayter, son of our old friend Sir William Hayter, once so well known to the readers of the ILLUSTRATED TIMES as chief whipper-in to the Government, is the Liberal candidate. With such an able electioneerer to back him, the Captain ought to win. Moreover, the Captain will have the castle influence, as far as it can be exercised. But Colonel Vyse is a neighbour, which means, I suppose, that he spends a deal of money at Windsor; and the Government of the day is not all powerful; for in 1857, when Lord Palmerston appealed to the people, Windsor responded by turning out Samson Ricardo, a Liberal, and sending in his stead Mr. Vansittart, an out-and-out Conservative. In 1859 Windsor returned two Tories, but then the Conservative Government was in office, and had command of the castle. Still, I should back Hayter. His father, Sir William, is such an energetic, wide-awake gentleman, and has such vast experience too, that it will be a hard matter to beat the son.

A contemporary of yours hints that Mr. Henley, the member for Oxfordshire, has resigned his post as Chairman of the Oxfordshire Quarter Sessions because he means to take the leadership of the Conservative party in the House of Commons. I do not believe a word of this. Mr. Henley is over seventy. His health has lately shown signs of giving way. He confesses that he cannot stand the late hours of the house as he used to do. Indeed, he now generally packs up his papers and takes his flight home to bed between eleven and twelve, except there be bills upon the paper which specially call for his criticism. No! My opinion is that Mr. Henley has resigned the chairmanship in good faith, because he feels that he is getting too old to perform the duties satisfactorily. Besides, Mr. Henley is not fitted for the post of Parliamentary leader. He is a very clever, keensighted critic of bills; and has often done the State good service in amending faulty measures, in promoting good and in defeating hopelessly bad ones; but whenever he has attempted anything beyond that he has failed.

Sir John Pakington, it was generally thought some time ago, would succeed to the leadership if Disraeli were to resign; but I find that, somehow—I hardly know why—he has got to be somewhat unpopular with a large section of the party. It was noticeable last Session that he did not speak so frequently as he was wont to do in former years, nor was he so constant in his attendance. Some people thought that they discovered in his manner and bearing a sense of his unpopularity. I have said that I hardly know how he has come to be out of favour; but my country friend, who so often favours me with his opinions, has hinted to me that there is a feeling amongst the more rigid of the Conservatives that Sir John holds the Conservative formula too loosely. "Between ourselves," said my friend, "it's the opinion of some of our fellows that if Pakington could see a hand held out to him from the other side he would desert us altogether and join the Whigs. I don't say that I think so, but a good many of our fellows do." Whether this suspicion has any foundation I cannot say, but it is certainly true that with a section of the party Sir John is out of favour. Some of your readers may possibly think that I have of late said too much upon this subject of the Conservative leadership. But if it be a fact that Disraeli is hors de combat—and no contradiction to the statement lately made to that effect has appeared—this question is one of the gravest importance. At present I can learn nothing certain; but I have reason to believe that the heads of the party are anxiously discussing the matter. And well they may; for during the next three months something must be done, as it will never do for the Conservatives, strong as they are in numbers, to confront their opponents without a leader.

Have you heard Professor Gamgee's last revelation? Not satisfied with frightening us all out of our lives with his statistics concerning the percentage of diseased meat which finds its way into the London

market, he now asserts, in the most ruthless way, that "pneumonic" milk is frequently sold, and that such milk is highly dangerous to the consumer. It appears that "pneumonia," or disease of the lungs, is prevalent among town-kept cows, and that the dairymen of London have been lectured on the danger of vending the milk therefrom. Professor Gamgee, after expatiating upon the disease at the Marylebone Institute, held a conversation with the members of the trade present, some of whom promulgated theories as cheering as they are sound. One of these gentry is said to have insisted that the cows pervertedly introduced disease of the lungs from the country, and, so far from its being brought about by a confined atmosphere and crowded quarters, such conditions were proved to be highly conducive to animal health! Another—an evident fatalist, this—admitted the gravity of the evil, but disparaged the suggested remedies on the ground that the disease is incurable because it has "descended from the time of Job." It has been pertinently asked, What authority is there for the prevalence of disease amongst Job's cows, and the presence of "pneumonic" milk in his wife's dairy? Again, does it follow that evils are incurable simply because they existed in the days of the patriarch? "As poor as Job" has been the apt description of many a man who has subsequently known the pleasure of a sound balance at his banker's; and, stronger example still, boils are not considered hopeless and permanent simply because Job groaned under their infliction. If, as seems undoubted, the want of proper ventilation and fitting sanitary arrangements in the cowsheds is the cause of the disease, Professor Gamgee has done good service in calling public attention to its prevalence. We have long tolerated the "cow with the iron tail," but we have surely a right to expect that our milk should not be deleterious before it is adulterated.

Have you heard, too, of the new American invention—musical telegraphy? By means of it dulcet strains are to be laid on, like water or gas, at so much per annum for each house! A pianoforte is to be connected by means of electric wires with any number of instruments, and, on being played, the sympathetic vibration will cause a regular stream of harmony to permeate every room in communication with the central depot. A distinguished professor is to be kept playing, and subscribers are to turn on music at will by means of a small tap. If this sounds a little mad, I can only assure you that it is a scheme gravely propounded by Mr. Hackenberg, an American gentleman, who states his plans to be matured, and that he is ready to supply music at a given rate per annum to all the world. Fancy the "sympathetic vibration" between two kindred souls separated by an adverse fate, but who agree to enjoy the same sentimental strain at the same hour! It sounds like a leaf out of the "Arabian Nights;" but I am assured on scientific authority that the scheme is practicable, and that, with a proper number of subscribers guaranteed, it is perfectly feasible that the very best musical skill may be brought within the reach of all householders willing to pay a small additional rate. Does not Goldsmith's Citizen of the World ask at a ball why the ladies and gentlemen go through all that hard work themselves, instead of paying servants to do it for them? The labour of "practising" at the piano will, if this scheme succeed, be at end; for what young lady would have the heart to pound away at her "Battle of Prague" when a professional player is competing with her in the same room, and when the superior strains of such player are to be constantly heard by the simple process of turning on a tap? Let me suggest Shakespeare's line,

Where should this music be? 'Tis the air, or the earth?
as an appropriate motto for Mr. Hackenberg's invention. That comparisons are odious, is a proverb upon which Prince Alfred has every right to insist. One of those terrible arithmeticians, whose statements are all the more annoying from being incontrovertible, has just put forth a paper in which the revenues and expenditure of the duchy of Saxe Coburg and Gotha and those of the metropolitan parish of St. Pancras are carefully compared. I don't quite understand either the motive or the meaning of this comparative analysis; but it is well done, and will give parochial functionaries that delightful sense of self-importance in which, from Mr. Bumble downwards, they have been proverbially deficient. For the duchy over which our sailor Prince is to bear sway is not, according to this out-speaking analyst, half so well managed as the London parish; its incomes are less, and its outgoings disproportionately more. The rates of St. Pancras bring in £220,805 a year; the taxation of the Saxon duchy yields annually £90,975; the relief of the parish poor costs more than the entire revenue of the duchy; and whereas the illustrious German administrators invariably spend more than the income of the State, the ruling spirits of the vestry are prudent men, who carefully adjust expenditure to means. The result of this is that the duchy owes upwards of £180,000, while the debts of the parish are amply covered by the sums due to it. Thus it will be seen that the duchy of Saxe Coburg and Gotha is in a far less prosperous condition than the small portion of London known as St. Pancras. Having acknowledged this as curious, one may say of the inquiry, *Cui bono?* The ratepayers of the latter place are not prepared to give up their system of self-government and transfer their allegiance from the vestry to the Prince, so to vaunt their superior wealth at the expense of his future possessions is very like teaching him to look a gift-horse in the mouth.

Quaint old Robert Burton tells us that he wrote his "Anatomy of Melancholy" to rid himself of an imposthume in his head he was anxious "to be unladen of;" and the practice of literary composition is now said to be one of the most effectual curatives in certain stages of mental disease. Before me lies the eighteenth volume of the *Morningside Mirror*, a periodical published in an asylum, and written by the insane. It contrasts favourably with more than one serial I could mention, and some of its articles are not only well written but are noteworthy for their logical sequence and close argument. And this reminds me of the "Autocrat of the Breakfast-table." Mr. Holmes's remark that "insanity is often the logic of an accurate mind overtaken." There is certainly no symptom of mental disease in the pages before me, and, but for a painful suspicion that the articles are "doctored," I should, from a non-professional point of view, be prepared to vouch for the sanity of the writers. Mr. Charles Reade, in the current number of *All the Year Round*, ridicules the Lunacy Commissioners for not pronouncing Alfred Hardie to be sane on his answering literary questions coherently in addition to his maintaining an argument on the relative merits of classic poetry. But, if these be sufficient grounds for throwing open the doors of our asylums, the contributors to the *Morningside Mirror* are ill-used men; and I prefer to think that the literary faculty is not incompatible with certain stages of mental disorder to adopting the theory so cleverly put forth by Mr. Reade. And I am opportunely reminded that, not only may madmen write well, but that some of the world's best-known workers have been charged with insanity. Was not Goldsmith spoken of as "the inspired idiot"?—do we not read that Robert Hall was called by his contemporaries "the mad theologian"? and have we not all heard of the glorious works of "the divine madman," Michael Angelo, and the pictorial "vagaries of mad Fuseli"? I pass by the accusation brought against the Apostle Paul as to the effect of "much learning" on his mind, and refer all interested in psychological inquiries to the *Morningside Mirror* as one more proof of the alliance alleged by the poet to exist between madness and intellectual power.

Here is an advertisement cut from the *Daily Telegraph* of one day last week, which reads like an extract from De Foe, or a revival of the old Puritan spirit which devoutly mingled its religious feelings with the commonest offices of life:—"I, Mr. James Nash, of Old Brentford, in the county of Middlesex, wish to make a public acknowledgment of the goodness of God for the deliverance of my son (James Nash) from death, which seemed inevitable through the administration of antimony." I don't read this as a pharisaic announcement of thankfulness, but rather as a genuine expression of feeling which has taken an eccentric form. Do you mark the particularity of the address? as if it were feared that, as Nash is not an uncommon name, the advertisement might be attributed to the wrong man.

Where is the promised blue-book on naval pay and retirement? Ordered to be printed by the House of Commons, it is persistently

withheld from the public, and I hear from an authentic source that the official authorities are to blame. The complaints are loud and numerous at a violation of the orders of the House, which, according to constitutional precedent, merits condign punishment; and as Hansard is absolved of blame, and no valid reason is forthcoming for the delay, irate naval men are muttering ominously about "fear of exposure," "corruption," and divers other official sins.

Those harmless enthusiasts the vegetarians of England are mightily elated at the portion of Lord Carnarvon's report on prison discipline which treats of the food of our convicts, and by his Lordship quoting a Dr. Lyford to the effect that, "with cheese," a diet might be framed sufficiently nutritive without meat. As the advanced vegetarian attributes all moral and social degradation to the consumption of animal food, its withdrawal from the prison bill of fare is to him, not merely a salutary punishment, but a reformatory measure, which will change the spots of the leopard, wash the Ethiop white, or, more marvellous still, will cause Mr. William Sykes and his compeers to forswear the exciting pleasures of the "cracksmen's" life and to become epicureans—only in the sense of placing their highest happiness in the pursuit of virtue.

It would seem that Blondin is no longer the safe "draw" he was found to be on his first appearances, for I hear that his salary for appearing at the Crystal Palace has fallen from one hundred to ten pounds a time.

The *Athenaeum* announces that Mr. Thackeray is about "to break new ground" as a novelist in the *Cornhill Magazine*. What this may mean it is difficult to say; but it is not probable that, whatever new ground he may break, Mr. Thackeray will, at his time of life, give us any new characters. In the greatest English novel extant, "Vanity Fair," the author told us all he knew of life, and the dramatic personae of that book, very feebly disguised in different clothes, have been dancing up and down Mr. Thackeray's later works, to the old tune of "everybody's bad," for the last sixteen years. And who is the other "distinguished novelist" who, according to the same source, is to gladden the readers of the *Cornhill*? Not Mr. Wilkie Collins, as has been surmised; for that gentleman, every one will regret to hear, is at Naples, ill, and incapable of work. It is not improbable that the "distinguished novelist" may turn out to be Mrs. Gaskell.

The first portion of a new serial tale by Mr. Charles Dickens, in the old familiar green wrapper, to be completed in twenty parts, will be issued by Messrs. Chapman and Hall with the magazines for May next.

THE THEATRICAL LOUNGER.

Mr. Charles Mathews reappeared at the HAYMARKET on Monday last, and was welcomed back from Paris by a crammed house and a most enthusiastic audience. His foreign success seems to have had a rejuvenescent effect, as he certainly played with more spirit and energy than he has shown since his return from America. Mr. Planche's burlesque of "The Golden Fleece" has been revived, and Mrs. Mathews plays Medea with a good deal of artistic power. Could not some one have been found to revise the jokes and bring the allusions down to the present time? Playgoers of immature age sit gaping at playful hits at Prince Esterhazy and Commissioner Lin, and wonder who on earth they were.

A sister of Mdle. Stella Colas, whose performance of Juliet last season created such a sensation that her fame reached to the green-rooms of Paris, and brought Shakespeare-in-English into fashion among the artistes there, is about to appear at the Opera Comique. Mdle. Henzel Colas is to make her debut in "L'Irato."

Are the French the politest nation in the world? Are they, as they are perpetually telling us, at the head of civilisation and refinement? For I hear news that confirms the doubts I have long entertained upon that subject. The Italian Opera in Paris, like our Italian Opera here, is supposed to be the public head-quarters of rank, fashion, and elegance. Some alterations are to be made in the front of the house, and a vast promenoir constructed; and this promenoir is to be devoted to smokers. Shade of the *ancienne politesse* of France! Tobacco at the Opera! Rossini, regalias, Meyerbeer, manillas, Donizetti, and *cigarres à deux sous*! Why not the homely pipe and 'bacca? The stalls and boxes will be odorous of full-flavoured havannahs, and ornamental and useful *crachoirs* must be grouped beneath the lustres in the corridors. To abstain from smoking in the presence of ladies is the last tatter of chivalry for the sex left in the land of the bravest of the brave. Will not the present age of short hair, long beards, enormous trousers, and general *laissez aller* respect even that? Let us hope the news is not true.

Mr. Sothorn has appeared at the Theatre Royal, Manchester, in a new character and with a success that fully equals, if not surpasses, the furor created by his Dundreary. And in what fresh phase of aristocratic imbecility do you suppose he has taken Cottonopolis by storm? As Lord Ogleby, Lord Skindeep, or Sir Harcourt Courtly? No! As Charles Surface, then, or Harry Dornton, or young Mirabell? Will you guess it in ten times? Will you guess it in fifteen? Any amount of Mdme. de Sevigné that you choose. Mr. Sothorn has appeared as The Kinchin, in the "Flowers of the Forest"—a low, sneaking gipsy thief, written for and acted a thousand times with his own peculiar peculiarities by Mr. Paul Bedford. Anything more exactly opposite to the character to which Mr. Sothorn owes his popularity cannot be conceived; and, if metropolitan audiences should endorse the verdict of Manchester, he may almost lay claim to as much versatility as Garrick, whose Hamlet and Abel Druggar were equally well acted.

ELECTION INTELLIGENCE.

WEST WORCESTERSHIRE.—The Hon. Frederick Lygon has been chosen, without opposition, to fill the vacancy in the representation of West Worcestershire caused by the accession of his brother, the late member, to the Peerage as Earl Beauchamp.

TWESKESBURY.—The election for Tewkesbury, in the room of the Hon. F. Lygon, who was elected on Monday last for West Worcestershire, will not take place until the meeting of Parliament, in February next. The hon. gentleman having, previous to his election, accepted the stewardship of the manor of Hempholme, renders the seat vacant; but the Speaker has no power to issue his writ before the meeting of Parliament. Mr. Yorke, a Conservative, is the only candidate in the field; and it is not expected that any opposition will be offered.

AN ENGLISH OFFICER of very high connections, who has been a resident in Holland more than thirty years on account, it is said, of a duel in England, in which he killed his adversary, will be tried next month for the wilful murder of a Dutch officer, his neighbour. The prisoner is about seventy years of age, and is known under the alias of Somerset Lee. His son is at the present moment the High Sheriff of an important Irish county.

A HISTORICAL SCANDAL.—A rather singular suit, says a letter from Turin, is impending in that city, the defendant being no less a personage than the exiled Duke of Modena. The facts, as stated, are as follow:—The male line of the House of Este, which has been rendered famous by the ill-deserved praises of Ariosto and Tasso, became extinct in the last century. The titles of the Este family were assumed by an Austrian Archduke, a descendant from the Royal house in the female line; and it was in this way that Francis IV. and Francis V. became Dukes of Modena and Reggio. Now, however, a Hungarian Prince—Signor Francis Augustus Crouy Chane!—has applied to the Modenese tribunals, on behalf of himself and his heirs, to be declared Marquis d'Este, a title which, according to him, was unlawfully assumed by the ex-Duke of Modena. The Prince has engaged three of the most able lawyers of Italy—Manchini, Tecchio, and Cassinini—to prove that he has descended legitimately, and that the ex-Duke of Modena has descended illegitimately from the house of Este. He has important documents to prove his claim, and it appears all but certain that he can show that the female from whom the late Dukes of Modena claim was an illegitimate daughter. At all events, Francis V. is cited to appear before the proper tribunal of Modena on the 12th of December next; but it is not probable that he will appear before the Court, but that he will allow judgment to go by default. Francis V. has lost his throne, and he may also lose his title, but he has property to the value of something like a hundred millions. Signor Crouy Chane!, it is added, though of a noble Hungarian family, is not wealthy; and even should he gain the title of Marquis d'Este he will not be the richer, nor will his creditors be much benefited thereby. He is a man of parts, and is regarded with favour by the Emperor of the French, who on many occasions has behaved kindly towards him. He is also a pretender to the throne of Hungary, as a descendant of the Hapsburgs, and this is perhaps one reason why he has been favourably received by the Emperor of the French, who is also a friend to the Poniatowski family, who were deprived of the throne of Poland. The Hungarian and Modenese pretender has no male offspring, and Francis V. has no offspring at all, so that the house of Este bids fair to become extinct.

M. NADAR'S LATE BALLOON ASCENT.

M. EUGENE ARNOULT, one of the passengers in M. Nadar's balloon, writes as follows to the *Paris Nation*:—

HANOVER, Tuesday, Oct. 20.
My dear Editor.—You saw us leave the Champ de Mars on Sunday. You were a witness of the majestic ascent of the *Geant*, rising into the air amidst the applause of the crowd. They cried to us from below, "Bon voyage!" "Alas!"

At nine o'clock at night we were at Erquelines; we passed over Malines, and towards midnight we were in Holland. We rose up very high, but it was necessary to come down to see where we were. Ignorant of that, our position was a critical one. Below, as far as we could see, were marshes, and in the distance we could hear the roar of the sea. We threw out ballast, and, mounting again, soon lost sight of the earth. What a night! Nobody slept, as you may suppose, for the idea of falling into the sea had nothing pleasant about it, and it was necessary to keep a look-out in order to effect, if necessary, a descent. My compass showed that we were going towards the east—that is to say, towards Germany. In the morning, after a frugal breakfast made in the clouds, we re-descended. An immense plain was beneath us, the villages appeared to us like children's toys—rivers seemed like little rivulets. It was magical. The sun shone splendidly over all. Towards eight o'clock we arrived near a great lake. There I found out our bearings, and announced that we were at the head of Holland, near the sea. We were compelled to think of landing, in order to take in ballast. Unhappily the heavens had made us forget the earth, over which blew a wind so violent that in a few minutes our anchors—enormous fulcrums of iron—were broken. The valve was shut, and the balloon, which could carry us no longer, began a giddy career. We rose from twenty to thirty metres, and fell with incredible force. Little by little the balloon ceased to rise, and the car fell upon its side. Then began a furious, disordered race; all disappeared before us—trees, thickets, walls, all broken or burst through by the shock; it was frightful. Sometimes it was a lake, in which we plunged; a bog, the thick mud of which entered our mouths and our eyes. It was maddening. "Stop, stop!" we shouted, enraged with the monster who was dragging us along. A railway was before us—a train passing; it stopped at our cries; but we carried away the telegraphic posts and wire. An instant afterwards we perceived in the distance a red house. I see it now. The wind bore us straight for this house. It was death for all, for we should be dashed to pieces. No one spoke. Strange to say, of those nine persons, one of whom was a lady, who were clinging to a slender screen of osier, for whom every second seemed counted—not one had any fear. All tongues were mute, all faces were calm. Nadar held his wife, protecting her with his body. Poor woman! Every shock seemed to break her in pieces.

Julius Godard then tried and accomplished an act of sublime heroism. He clambered up into the netting, the shocks of which were so terrible that three times he fell on my head. At length he reached the cord of the valve, opened it, and, the gas having a way of escape, the monster ceased to rise, but it still shot along in a horizontal line with prodigious rapidity. There were we squatting down upon the frail osier car.

"Take care!" we cried, when a tree was in the way; we turned from it, and the tree was broken; but the balloon was discharging its gas, and, if the immense plain we were crossing had yet a few leagues, we were saved. But suddenly a forest appeared in the horizon; we must leap out at whatever risk, for the car would be dashed to pieces at the first collision with those trees. I got down into the car, and, raising myself I know not how—for I suffered from a wound in my knees—I jumped, and made I know not how many revolutions, and fell upon my head. After a minute's dizziness I rose. The car was then far off. By the aid of a stick I dragged myself to the forest, and, having gone a few steps, I heard some groans. St. Felix was stretched on the soil frightfully disfigured; his body was one wound. He had an arm broken, the chest torn, and an ankle dislocated. The car had disappeared. After crossing a river, I heard a cry. Nadar was stretched on the ground with a dislocated thigh; his wife had fallen into the river. Another companion was shattered. We occupied ourselves with St. Felix and Nadar and his wife. In trying to assist the latter I was nearly drowned, for I fell into the water and sank. They picked me up again, and I found the bath had done me good. By the assistance of the inhabitants the salvage was got together. Vehicles were brought; they placed us upon straw. My knees bled; my loins and head seemed to be like mince meat; but I did not lose my presence of mind an instant, and for a second I felt humiliated at looking from the truss of straw at those clouds which, in the night, I had had under my feet. It was in this way we reached Rethem, in Hanover.

In seventeen hours we had made nearly 250 leagues. Our course infernal had covered a space of three leagues. Now that it is over I have some shudders. It does not signify. We have made a good journey, and I marvel to see with what indifference we may regard the most frightful death, for besides the prospect of being dashed about on our way, we had that of gaining the sea; and how long should we have lived then? I am glad to have seen this, happily yet at having to narrate it to you. These Germans who surround us are brave people, and we have been as well cared for as the resources of the little spot will allow.

P.S. I have just reached Hanover with my companions, and reopen my letter to tell you so. The King has sent an Aide-de-Camp to us. Are we at the end of our reverses? At any rate, I am consoled to think they can no longer laugh at us at Paris. We have kept our promise, and more.

THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES AT SANDRINGHAM.

AFTER having performed all the duties which are demanded by their public position during their temporary return to London in order to bid farewell to the King of the Greeks, who has departed to his new subjects, the Prince and Princess of Wales have gone down to the estate of his Royal Highness at Sandringham, where numerous improvements have been effected both in the house and grounds. The building itself is a plain country mansion enough, of comparatively modern style; but, although it is believed that his Royal Highness will ultimately build a dwelling of a more commodious description, the present house is very well adapted to the purpose for which it is at present intended—namely, as a hunting and shooting box, in which the Prince may reside during the season. Since the arrival of the Royal couple at Sandringham, they have had the company of the Princess's parents and brother and sister—Prince and Princess Christian, and Prince Frederick and Princess Dagmar of Denmark.

The fine park, which forms part of the estate, has been greatly improved, not only by the judicious arrangements which are being carried out, but by the ornamental bronze gates (known as the "Norwich gates") which were purchased from the International Exhibition and presented to their Royal Highnesses by the principal inhabitants of King's Lynn.

Part of the suite of the Prince and Princess of Wales preceded them to Sandringham in order to prepare for their reception; and it is understood that their visit will extend over some weeks, in order that the Prince may enjoy those field-sports to which he is so greatly attached. It is certain that the Sandringham preserves are well stocked; and, as there is an abundance of game in the surrounding district, there is no doubt that the sport will be good, especially as the season has been unusually favourable. His Royal Highness has already secured the cordial goodwill of the neighbourhood by his liberal patronage of the several sporting institutions of the county.

One of the first ceremonies which greeted the Prince on his arrival at Sandringham was, we believe, the presentation of a splendidly-bound book, containing a description of the "Norwich" gates and a list of the subscribers.

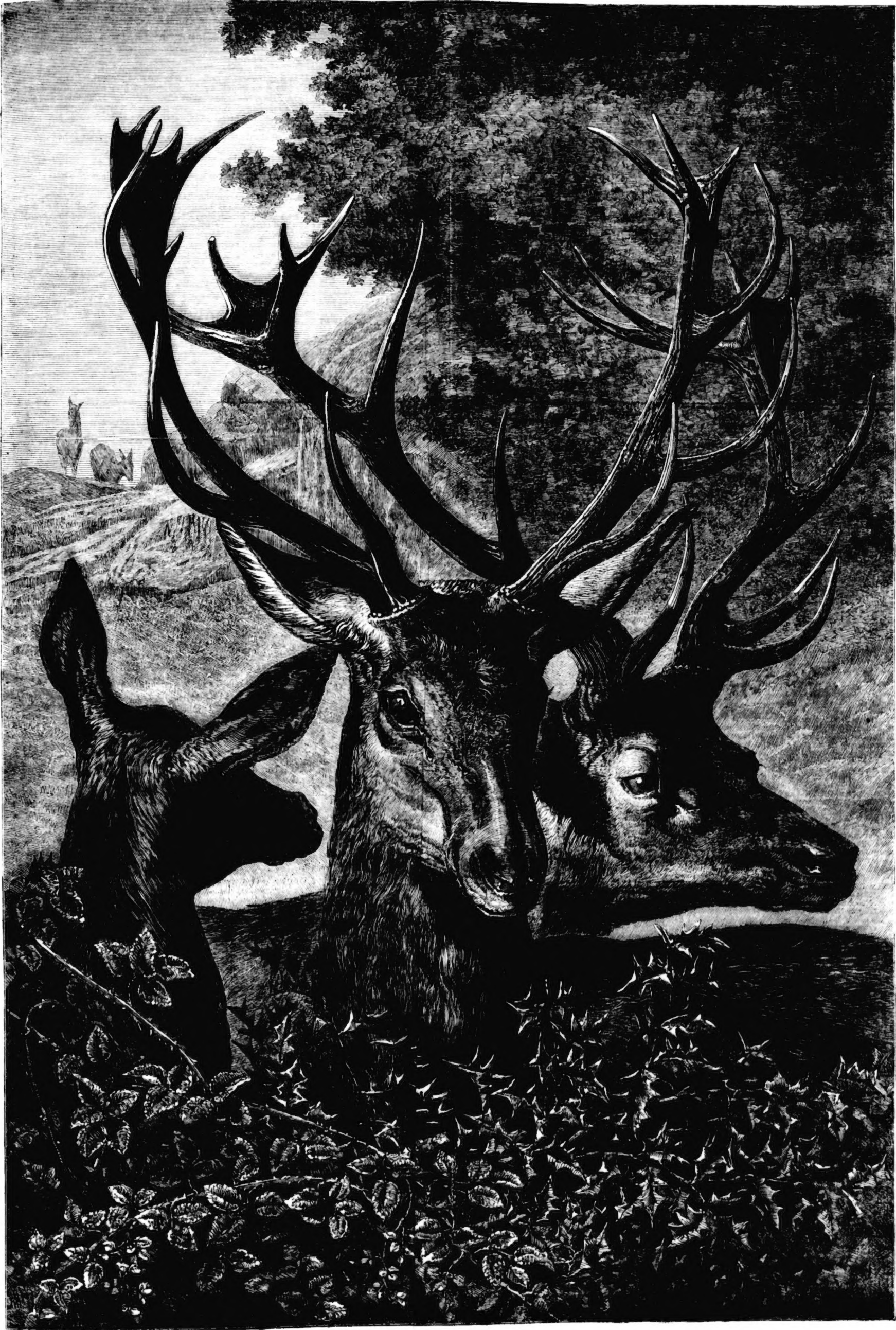
Two or three "meets" of the West Norfolk hounds have taken place, so as to enable the Prince to hunt the county; and we are informed that several foxes have been preserved on the estate by the Prince's direction, so as to prevent the annoyance of a blank day when the draw is at Sandringham. The hall farm is now in the hands of the Prince, and the agriculturists of the county augur, from this step, that his Royal Highness intends to follow in the steps of the late Prince Consort, and take the position in the county of a leading agriculturist. The farm is rather extensive, and, having been well cultivated, is in good condition. The Prince and Princess honoured the Earl of Leicester with a visit at Holkham a few days ago, when they met with a hearty reception at the finest mansion in Norfolk—the seat of the Gokes. Their Royal Highnesses have likewise paid visits to Lynn and a number of other places of interest in the neighbourhood.

THE ITALIAN MINISTER OF THE INTERIOR has, by a circular addressed to the Mayors of the kingdom, ordered that non-Catholics shall be buried in the same cemeteries with Catholics if there is not a separate burial-ground for the former. The non-Catholics are to occupy a corner of the common cemetery, separated by a hedge or a wall. Thus cease the conflicts as well as the exorbitances and extortions of some Catholic Curés.

AN INGENUOUS OFFICIAL, who had waited on General Berg to receive the order for the arrest of an ecclesiastic, had the hardihood to observe to him that the measure was not legal. "Sir," said the General to him, with dignity, "you ought to know, being a Russian official, that when a man like me, invested with power by his Majesty, gives an order of any kind, all laws ought to render themselves obedient to my behests. There is no law here but my will."



THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES AT SANDRINGHAM.



DEER BROWSING.—(FROM A PICTURE BY MARTIN KUYTENBROUWER.)



VIEW OF TIVOLI.

TIVOLI.

It will be long before artists exhaust all the beauties of the ancient town of Tivoli, one of the most romantic and salubrious spots around the Italian capital, of which it commands a magnificent view. Our Engraving represents an aspect of the country; but the town itself is full of interesting monuments of the time when Tibur was the resort of the wealthy citizens of Rome, who themselves regarded it as a venerable place antecedent to the capital itself, and great in its connection with the first cities of the Latin Confederation.

It was near here that Hadrian constructed the magnificent villa—the remains of which may still be seen—containing imitations of the works of art which he had noticed in his journeys through the empire; and at Ponte Lucano, a few miles from the town, on the road to Rome, there still exist the ruins of a massive round tower, the remains of the mausoleum of the Plantii.

A long series of wars was waged between Tibur and Rome for centuries, from the time when it was seized by the Goths, under Totila, downward through the occupation of the Longobards and the wars against the Popes. The castle, built by Pope Pius II., still remains.

Tivoli is one of the few ancient towns of Latium which stands on its original site. The temple of Vesta still occupies its old position, while that of Hercules has been turned into a cathedral. Crossing the town is the Via Tiburtina, the old Roman road; and the ancient bridge, the Ponte Celio, is still extant. The other principal remains consist of the ruins of the villa of Mæcenas, near the Cascatelle; of that of Quintilius Varus; and a round temple of the Goddess Tussis outside the Roman Gate. Beyond the steep and narrow streets of Tivoli the scenery is charming, the surrounding hills being covered with olive-trees, which shine with their tender green hue above the waters of the cascades flowing down to the plain, and mingle with those choice vines which bear the "pizzutello" and the "pergolese" grapes, which have been celebrated throughout Italy since the time of Pliny.

ERNEST RENAN.

M. ERNEST RENAN, a member of the French Institute, and (as our readers will see upon their first glance at the Portrait) of Hebrew descent, is, nevertheless, a Breton by birth. He has for a considerable time enjoyed the reputation of being one of the best Oriental scholars in France, and has, until quite lately, held the post of Hebrew Professor in the Collège de France. From that office he has been, at last, withdrawn by the Government, in consequence of the outcries from all sides against his heterodoxy—outcries which have been raised chiefly by the publication of his "Life of Jesus." It is curious to observe how long and how far a man may proceed in a career of heterodoxy, thinking and writing, without being much disturbed, and then wake up some morning and find himself infamous. For years past, nobody whose opinion is of consequence has been in any uncertainty whatever as to the theological whereabouts of this

M. ERNEST RENAN, AUTHOR OF "THE LIFE OF JESUS."—(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BERGER, OF JERSEY.)

accomplished gentleman. The "Essay on Channing," which was one of the first things that made Englishmen notice him as a thinker on the gravest topics, was quite enough to fix his position. But it takes a long time for the world to find things

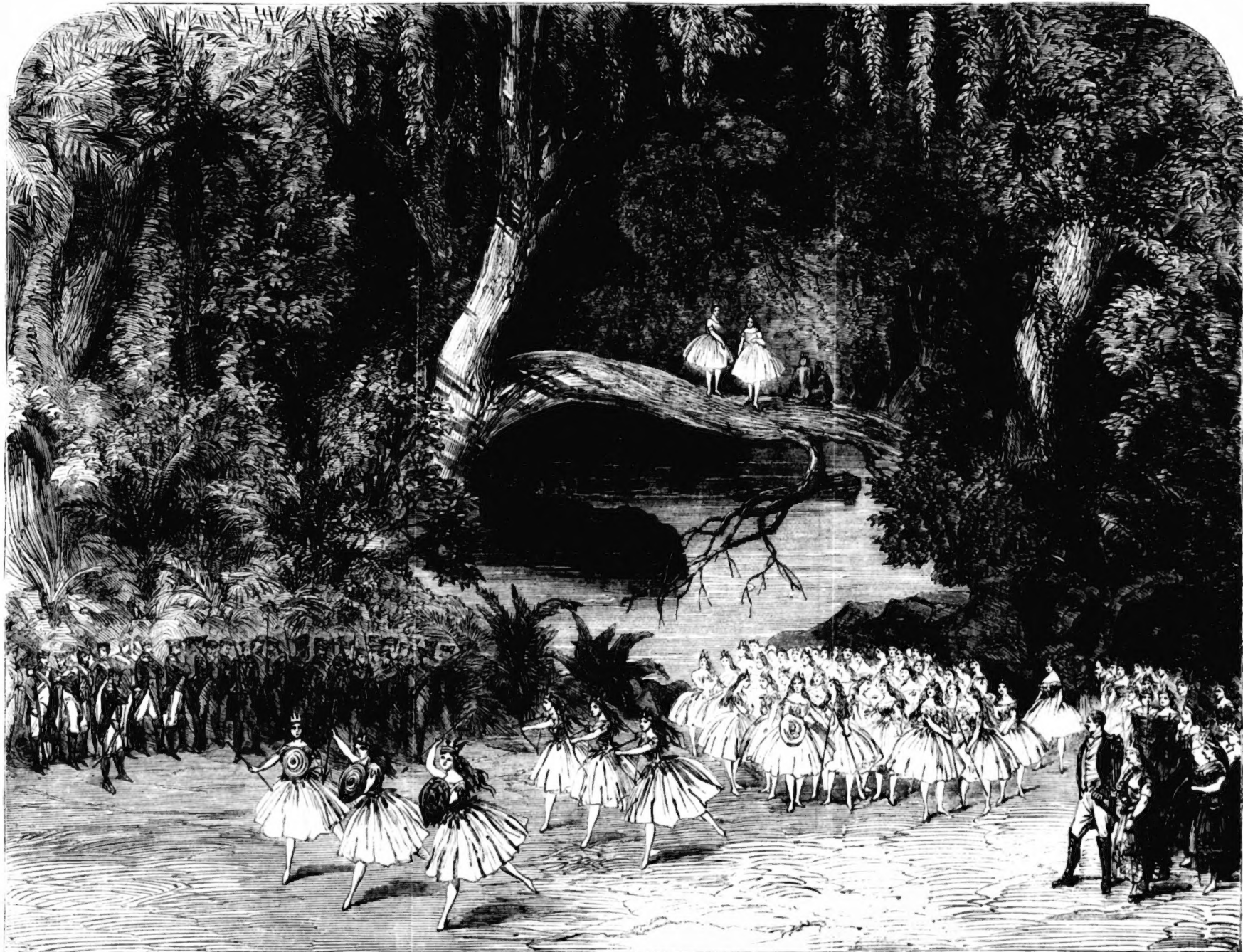
out, and it is not always in the mood for stoning prophets, true or false. At last, however, it has begun to pelt M. Renan, and he has had some very vulgar brickbats thrown at him. This is the way the world have looked at the matter:—"We (the world) have not found this man out before. Therefore, this man was hiding something from us." He does not believe in miracles; we thought he did. But we are not going to be bamboozled like this. *Ex uno disce omnes*—that's our motto. This Renan is of Hebrew origin, and has been supposed to understand Hebrew. But he is an impostor. He didn't believe in miracles when we thought he did. Therefore he doesn't understand Hebrew when we thought he did. He cannot conjugate a Hebrew verb. Nor does he understand any of the Semitic languages. What could you expect?" This brickbat has been actually flung at M. Renan in an "Answer" (to his "Vie de Jésus") by a M. Potrel.

"The Life of Jesus," such as it is, and in whatever respect open to attack, was written by M. Renan in the Holy Land itself, in the summer of 1861, at the close of an expedition in which M. Renan had been sent by the French Government, for the exploration of ancient Phœnicia. While he was moving among the very scenes of the Gospel narratives, the image of the Son of Man, he says, became real to him. Strauss and others had carried on their process of critical pulverisation until there seemed to be no Christ left at all. But, while he accepted the results (with respect to miracles) which they had reached, M. Renan felt himself moved to attempt the reconstitution of the character of Christ as he lived among men. He has done this in a vein which is not new, but which was never before so fully worked. Nobody denies his eloquence, his acuteness, or the tenderness of his touch. It is, indeed, one of the charges put forward against him, that his Christ is an exaggeration of the Unitarian sentimental type—"a Carlo Dolce, softened even to mawkishness."

Of course, it must be remembered that the image M. Renan presents to us is an image cast in the mould of his single mind; and it will be understood by our readers that we cannot introduce him to them as, in any received sense whatever, a Christian writer. He is just the poetic natural historian of (what he takes to have been) the character of Jesus, rejecting every form and degree of (what is called) the supernatural.

To this we must add that the view taken by M. Renan of the character of Christ differs from that of the Unitarian in this respect—that M. Renan thinks he sees that the ideal of Christ became soiled and entangled in his efforts to realise it; and hence the miraculous and secular elements. This view has been attacked, with great force and insight, in the *National Review*, in an article by the Rev. James Martineau.

The "Vie de Jésus" has a personal interest apart from its intrinsic qualities. It is connected, by its author, in a monumental way, with the memory of a beloved sister, who died at his side in the Holy Land, of a fever, which for some time threatened his own existence.



SCENE FROM THE "DESERT FLOWER," AT THE ROYAL ENGLISH OPERA.—DANCE BY INDIAN MAIDENS.

"THE DESERT FLOWER" AT THE ROYAL ENGLISH OPERA.

We have already given a sketch of the plot and a criticism on the music of Mr. Wallace's new opera of "The Desert Flower." It will not be necessary, therefore, to go again into details in illustration of the scene from the piece which we now publish further than by giving the subjoined brief outline of the plot by way of refreshing our readers' recollection. The libretto—the joint production of Mr. A. Harris and Mr. T. J. Williams—is an adaptation of a romantic opera produced in Paris some eight years since, the music of which was composed by Halévy, and the drama by Messrs. St. George and De Leuven. Under the title of "Jaquarita l'Indienne" it presents the story of an Indian Queen, whose tribe has been dispossessed by the Dutch colony at Surinam, and who, pretending to be captured, enters the latter with the view of betraying a projected military expedition into an ambush. Her appearance attracts the attention of the young leader of the soldiers, and his admiration is rewarded by her singling him out for the arrow of an Indian whom she has secreted on the line of march. With the departure of this expedition, accompanied by Queen Onaita, the first act concludes. In the second act we are in the woods, where there is a dance of Indian girls (the scene depicted in our Engraving, and which is most picturesque and effective), and where the soldiers have dislodged their enemies, the leader of the troops having found time not only to fulfil his duty, but to fall deeply in love with the Queen, whom he persuades to give him a meeting when the moon has risen in the forest. An Indian spy, however, who appears to act on the side of the colonists, but who is both the instrument and the lover of Onaita, fired with jealousy, brings the natives to the rendezvous, where the Captain is not only seized, but led to think that he has been captured through the treachery of the Queen. Thus the second act concludes. In the third we find the young soldier in a hut sleeping, on the eve of execution, when Onaita, who by this time has learnt to reciprocate his passion, visits him, and offers him her hand as his only mode of rescue. He must marry her; but it is on the condition that he abjures his country and his faith. In the first moments of his rapture he blindly consents to everything; but when the Indian idol is brought in before whom he is required to bow, reason and honour regain their ascendancy, and he spurns the means of his deliverance. He is then left for execution, but the Queen, who cannot consent to see him suffer, secretly returns and sets him free, and is herself condemned to suffer the fate designed for him. We are thus conducted to the last scene, where the fatal pile is about to be lighted, when a volley from the advancing soldiers restores the heroine to safety and the lovers to each other.

OPERA AND CONCERTS.

At this dull season of the year, when the musical energy of the metropolis seems to lie torpid, the advent of an Italian opera troupe is hailed with real delight. When we speak of an Italian opera troupe, we in this case intend the qualifying adjective to describe the language in which it, the work, is presented, and we do not at all mean it to apply to the nationality of those employed in its interpretation. It is true that the *dolce favella* has been spoken with more or less of elegance by everybody engaged on the stage of Her Majesty's Theatre; but the troupe may nevertheless be best described as a non-Italian company. At the performance of last Monday, for instance, the miracle of the confusion of tongues at the Tower of Babel was reversed. Instead of one family being scattered by being made mutually unintelligible, deputies from many distant nations were reunited on the neutral ground of music. The Margherita was, as she should be, a German; Liebel, her devoted protector, was, as no Platonic lover possibly could be, French; the Faust and Valentine were, we are proud to say, both English; the orchestra was, of course, anything, and the chorus was Irish. So the only Italian engaged in the performance was the Devil—and a particularly bad devil he was.

We are far, however, from complaining of this diversity of race. It is true that there is a charm in a fine Italian voice that no other can present; but, unhappily, there appear to be no Italian voices left. For years past our finest singers have come from Germany, and it is in the wide Vaterland that we must still seek artists who are to replace the present race. *Il faut prendre son bien où on le trouve.* We do well to tempt to the world's metropolis every good voice that is to be found in any quarter of the globe, and to let its fortunate possessor display his gifts through the medium of the most easily acquired and most musical of tongues. A German or Frenchman has also an additional advantage in singing Italian in preference to English, inasmuch as the audience is much less critical on his pronunciation. And this is no small gain.

Rarely does an autumnal troupe enliven our foggy nights; but the success of such a venture is yet more rare. In this instance we must attribute its unanticipated triumph to the extraordinary popularity of one individual opera. It is almost needless to explain that we refer to "Faust." How high it is held in public favour was signally illustrated on the first night of Mr. Mapleson's brief series. Mr. Sims Reeves is, beyond question, the most popular singer in England, and great anxiety was evinced by musical people to hear him for the first time in the character of Faust. Unfortunately, however, he was indisposed; and yet, though the audience were thus deprived of the chief personal attraction of the evening, the house was crowded to suffocation. Not a vacant seat could anywhere be discerned, and the attentive audience were as discriminating as they were enthusiastic. There was, indeed, much in the performance which claimed their indulgence. Signor Volpini, for instance, was not the ideal of Faust, but then it must be borne in mind that he had actually risen an hour before the commencement of the performances from a sick bed, in order to play a part he had never previously attempted. The Mephistophiles, again, was very unsatisfactory; and his assumption of the character can only be regarded as an experiment. On the other hand, three of the principal rôles—Marguerite, Siebel, and Valentine—were sustained by their original English representatives, and better could scarcely be found. It is true that Mlle. Tietjens is by nature fitted for the tragic heroines of the lyric drama rather than for so gentle a being as Gretchen; but the great German singer frequently compels our admiration by the energy of her action and by the splendid brightness of her voice. The beauty of Mlle. Trebelli's delicious mezzo-soprano notes is capable of no enhancement, but Mr. Santley has made vast progress since his first impersonation of the murdered brother. His singing and acting in the dying scene are alike admirable, and we feel no hesitation in asserting that our English baritone is at this moment one of the very finest dramatic vocalists in Europe. On Monday night Mr. Sims Reeves was sufficiently recovered to appear; and, though he still appeared suffering, he succeeded in giving a more intellectual reading of the tenor part than any to which we have as yet listened. His singing of the lovely air, for instance, in the third act, "Salve dimora," was marked by thoroughly dramatic intonation no less than by exquisitely-finished phrasing.

Next week the unexceptionable Monday Popular Concerts are to be recommended, and M. Louis Jullien, son of the famous *Mons.*, is also to institute a series of Promenade Concerts.

THE HIGH STEWARDSHIP OF CAMBRIDGE.—Earl Powis, who has been elected to the office of High Steward of the University of Cambridge, in the room of the late Lord Lyndhurst, was educated at St. John's College, and graduated in 1840, when he was eleventh in the first class in classics. He obtained the honorary degree of LL.D. in 1842. The High Steward has special power to take the trial of scholars impeached of felony within the limits of the University, the jurisdiction of the University extending a mile every way round, reckoning from any part of the suburbs. He has also the power to hold and keep a keel according to the established charter and custom, for which purpose he generally appoints a deputy. The high stewardship has been held since 1721 by Arthur, Earl of Anglesea (Magdalen College), elected in that year; Thomas Holmes, Duke of Newcastle (Clare College), elected 1737; Philip Lord Hardwicke, D.C.L., Lord Chancellor (Corpus Christi College), elected 1764; the Right Hon. William Pitt, M.A. (Pembroke College), elected 1790; Philip, Earl of Hardwicke, M.A. (Queen's College), elected 1806; Hugh Percy, Duke of Northumberland, LL.D. (St. John's College), elected 1834; John Singleton Copley, Lord Lyndhurst (Trinity College), elected 1834.

Literature.

Poems. By JEAN INGELOW. Third Edition. Longman and Co.

We have always maintained in these columns that the sphere of criticism in general, and especially criticism of poetry, is a much more limited one than is pretended. Its function of kicking out base and foolish writing of all kinds, and, above all, base and foolish writing of verse, is a simple one, if the critic be fit for his work; but, a certain line in the scale of merit once passed, the critic often finds he has little to say to the poet. An honest artist is not greedy of praise and does not chafe at blame. The one question which he asks is, "Am I an artist? Grant me that," he says, "and then blame me here and there almost at your own wild will." And it is very easy for the critic, in reply, to say, "Oh, yes! here's this wrong and the other wrong," and so on; but, in point of fact, critics are pretty often entirely wide of the mark, as the readers of poets would find out if they could only hear what they have to say in reply to the critics.

If we were to say Jean Ingelow is a true poet, of very great promise, and were then to give a few of the exquisite verses which her book contains, we should, perhaps, say all that the case requires; for Jean Ingelow—with one faintly, though hopefully, indicated exception, which we will notice in a moment—presents in this really beautiful volume only the best characteristics of the most finished order of modern verse. She belongs to the school of Enamelled Poetry, in which Mr. Tennyson is the accepted master; and she is as fine an enameller as he is. Setting off against the fact that he was first, that she has had a master, the other fact, that she is the younger of the two, and endeavouring to strike a balance, we are strongly inclined to say that Jean Ingelow is more musical than Tennyson and a better artist in words. Of course, when we speak of enamelling, we do not mean painting over, we simply refer to the mirror-like polish of the material which is made by the poet to convey to you a reflection of nature and your own thoughts, as suggested by the contrasts between "nature" and town life.

These contrasts are, after all, the burden of nearly all our best-received poetry; that of Robert Browning being the great exception, and ah! how great an exception it is! "Life," says the fevered modernist, "is a great deal bigger than what is said about it, and, in particular, a great deal bigger than this city, with its moneybags and its frownsiness. Let us, then, go into the fields and gather buttercups." Well, it is what might be expected. For the man of the town, shut up in streets and alleys, has always one portion of the great spectacle of nature pressing upon his imagination—there is the boundless sky. And it haunts him with illimitable ideas, that fill his mind with the contrasts between the sordidness of his visible existence and the splendours that overhang it always. Then he gets uncomfortable, and invents nuts to crack for the sphinx, and takes a walk in the fields where the sphinx does not crack them for him. And what with the sheep, and the wild thyme, and the harebell, and the hyacinth, and the beech-trees, and the little speedwell, and the powdery auriculas, and the lazy green grass, he feels better. This remedy he can take as often as he likes, business and weather permitting, for there is always the railway—pre-eminently a creature of the town, by-the-by! Moreover, he can go to the seaside. And then the page is dotted with boats, and sails (white—always white), and reef, and ravine, and cliff, and slippery ledges, and gulls, and dulse. And again our modernist is better. We are not scolding him; we are not even bantering him. But we cannot believe in the permanence of the school of poetry which does all this into fine enamel, patterned with mild story, and does little or nothing beside. Already, indeed, there are signs of reaction in favour of the poetry of life and passion, and the growing acceptance of Robert Browning is its index.

Jean Ingelow is, we have said, an exceptional modernist poet, in one regard. There are traces in her writing of a true sense of the pure-sublime. We have too long been trying to shake ourselves free of the sublime literature. Fortunately, we cannot succeed. That the effort should be made is accountable enough; for the sham Miltonic vein of Young, and Pollok, and Blair, and more recently the romantic sublime vein opened by Festus Bailey and Sydney Yendys, have been overwrought. But we must go back to Milton and the pre-Miltonic time. Wordsworth, in a few mighty passages, will help us to make the transition; and if we can find the courage to retrace our steps even as far as the simplicity of Chaucer, we shall do very well again. In the meanwhile, Jean Ingelow has organ-notes in her music to which we, for one, would respectfully offer a hearty welcome. There are instances of "modulation" in the poem called "A Dead Year," which seem to us finer than anything of the kind in recent poetry.

We quote a dozen lines, and we do most earnestly beg the reader to be careful over the scanning of them, and to think them over in the middle of the night (if he wouldn't mind the trouble of waking) and also at church when the anthem is being played.

A DEAD YEAR.

I took a year out of my life and story—
A dead year, and said, 'I will hew thee a tomb!
'All the kings of the nations lie in glory;
'Cased in cedar, and shut in a sacred gloom;
Swathed in linen, and precious unguents oiled;
Painted with cinnabar, and rich with gold.

'Silent they rest, in solemn salutory,
Sealed from the moth, and the owl, and the flittermouse—
Each with his name on his brow.
'All the kings of the nations lie in glory,
Every one in his own house:
Then why not thou?

And after that, for a change, we will give this intolerably sweet little poem, called

LOVE.

I leaned out of window, I smelt the white clover,
Dark, dark was the garden, I saw not the gate;
'Now, if there be footsteps, he comes, my one lover—
Hush, hush! hush! hush! O sweet nightingale, wait
Till I listen and hear
If a step draweth near,
For my love he is late!

The skies in the darkness stoop nearer and nearer,
A cluster of stars hangs like fruit in the tree,
The fall of the water comes sweeter, comes clearer:
To what art thou listening, and what dost thou see?
Let the star-clusters glow,
Let the sweet waters flow,
And cross quickly to me.

You night moths that hover where honey brims over
From acamores-blossoms, or settle or sleep;
You glowworms shine out, and the pathway discover
To him that comes darkling along the rough steep.
Ah! my sailor, make haste,
For the time runs to waste,
And my love lieth deep—

'Too deep for swift telling: and yet my one lover
I've conjured thee an answer, it waits thee to-night.'
By the sycamore passed he, and through the white clover,
Then all the sweet speech I had fashioned took flight;
But I'll love him more, more
Than e'er wife loved before,
Be the days dark or bright.

Unless our memory fails us, this poem appeared in *Macmillan*; which, by some good luck, or good management, or by grace of the editor's discernment, gets hold of more real poetry than all the other magazines put together, though it, also, sometimes inserts an indifferent bit of imitative verse.

Probably we have said enough to make it clear that we think Jean Ingelow a true poet of extraordinary accomplishment, and that we hope for great things from her as she strengthens and crystallizes. We will be bold to say that, if long life be granted to her, she will, in her last decade or two, accomplish as great things as the greatest of her now living contemporaries—except, perhaps, Browning.

Leo. A Novel. By DUTTON COOK. Author of "A Prodigal Son," &c. 3 vols. Smith, Elder, and Co.

So brief a titlepage promises well, although at first it seems uncertain if a lion be intended, or the syllable "tard" accidentally omitted. There have been so many good books with short, crisp titles—"Shirley," "Philip," &c., that the principle may not unfairly be taken as the augury of success; although, indeed, it would be dangerous to follow up the principle by asserting that Currer Bell and Thackeray would have written better still had their books been simply entitled "Shir" and "Phil." Mr. Dutton Cook is a thorough artist in title-condensing; for, after a few pages of vol. 1, it is explained that "Leo" is the contraction of so long a name as Leonora. This at once puts the reader in good spirits. The titlepage itself begins the good system of not being diffuse. However much two heads may be better than one, the book assures us that two syllables are better than four, and so we expect a good, tersely-written tale, packing tightly as a Chinese puzzle, full as an egg, and with no more packing-shell than the bookbinder naturally supplies. The closely-written literature is by far the best in the long run. It is read a second time and perhaps preserved. But it is impossible even to dip again into a book when you remember the dismal passages, too tedious to be so carefully read as to have a chance of being understood, which interfered with the natural flow of a sufficiently interesting plot. Now, with all the promise of vigorous title, "Leo" falls into this miserable predicament. It is so wonderfully spun out that the rich and only flies seem as if they had escaped from the weak web, or, at best, were clobbered over until their beauties were indistinguishable. Any judicious reader might be entrusted with a pencil to mark out whole pages which are at once tedious and unnecessary. There is no passage by the loss of which the book would suffer; and, no matter in what way it were shortened, it could but be improved. Life is too short to have imaginary people's lives dramatised at great length. A brief indication is all they deserve—especially when they teach no more than that it is pleasant to marry when you are in love, and when you have money foolish to allow yourself to be swindled out of it. As for the filling-up of "Leo," principally long conversations which are supposed to be character sketches, two or three such lifelike pictures would have been quite sufficient, in place of two or three dozen. Moreover, the young artists and surgeons, who inflict their conversations on the reader, have no particular characters to display. One has been in Paris, and talks of nothing but freedom; another invents a system, comic enough, of learning piano and skeleton together. Here is the passage:—

"Come to Paris, Timson; there's no income tax there. France is the real land of freedom!"

"Don't interrupt him, Norris; he's telling a story."

"I dare say you're right, Tom; and most likely I'll go there. I was only about to say that, on looking through my accounts, the conclusion I arrived at was that my profession was a yearly loss to me. I sell nothing, and I have to buy heaps of canvases and paints, brushes, and things. I don't know how I do it, I'm sure; because, you know, I've no other money. It's quite a mystery to me how I get on—how I manage to live at all. Here, Louis, another cup of coffee and a cigar."

"Return, then, with me to Paris. They have love there in that city for arts—for artists. You will prosper there, my Timson," says Norris.

Mr. Gossett breaks in suddenly.

"I've discovered such an excellent plan of study. I'm getting up my medical learning at a tremendous pace. It's on a sort of *memoria technica* principle. You can't remember one thing separately, but you remember it in conjunction with something else. Well, I study music and medicine together, just as at school we used to learn Greek through Latin. For instance, there are twelve ribs, an octave and a half; five false ribs, answering to the lines in music; twenty-four vertebrae, or three octaves; four bones in the metacarpus, like the spaces in music; and so on through the whole business. The skeleton's nothing more than an upright grand piano, and I can play what tunes I like upon him. Isn't it a superb idea? I look at his ribs, and I see the whole scale marked out, whole operas composed. I've written out the full description, and I sing it to a Gregorian chant. It's very impressive; something like this" (sings, in a deep bass voice), "The tarsus is composed of seven large bones; a firm and elastic arch for supporting the body, and so on. Splendid, isn't it? I shall get on capitally like that. And then, you know, there's descriptive music. Fancy the Pericarditis Polka, with exact imitations of the pulsation of the heart under various forms of disease. The Kidney Quadrilles! The Valvose Valse! or—what a sublime opportunity for a composer—The Stomach Symphony! I defy anybody not to learn upon such a superior system. I shall get through the college as easy as a circus clown through a paper balloon. It's a new discovery. I've a great mind to patent it. My fortune's made. A medical man must succeed who can soothe his patients with song while he cures them with medicine. Many a sick man would jump up and begin to dance if he found me at his bedside singing the drinking-song out of 'Der Freischütz.'"

The above is certainly not an unfair example of Mr. Cook's style. Other chapters of conversation are made to help out the incidents dramatically and to give criticisms on the principal characters. Some of these young men seem to be modelled on Mr. Thackeray's boisterous and poetic creations. Tobacco and whisky, music, painting, and surgery occupy them in turns, or all together; and, of course, there is an ideal cripple, whom everybody is supposed to love. The principal story—to tell it in a few words—is how Arnold Page, a rich young man, is to marry Leonora Carr, but manages to ruin himself, through bubble companies, before the wedding day arrives. He is about to sail for Australia, when Leo and her father appear. It is explained that the old gentleman has purchased Arnold's sacrificed estate, and has made it a present to Leo, who is once more to marry Arnold, who will thus again be owner of his ancestral lands. Of course, it is hoped that this will be a warning to the young man. In another story, which runs neck-and-neck with the preceding, a wretched girl is hunted from place to place by a wicked old Frenchman, who seeks her love and hopes to obtain it, as he has a strong hold over her father. This father, a drunken old East India Captain, has been rather playful in the forgery kind of diversion; but, as the Frenchman and their mutual associates are no better, their bad designs are frustrated; and in the last page it is hinted that the unfortunate Janet, freed from all difficulties, may ultimately marry the ideal cripple. The character of Lomax, and the way in which he swindles his brother-in-law, Arnold, are well drawn and told; and other passages will be liked in which Lord Southernwood figures. It is only justice to Mr. Cook to say that the two stories, and the many episodes, are ingeniously interwoven, and look about as lifelike as things usually look when people wish to see them a little more straightforward or complicated than they ever are. But there is one point on which Mr. Cook cannot be complimented. He makes some of his characters, especially the Marquis, but of course not the ideal cripple, speak of themselves at every word as "a fellow" (sometimes "feller.") They habitually say "it aint," "it don't," instead of using proper English or recognised contractions. Mr. Cook professes to know gilded saloons as intimately as muddy slums. He should have given examples derived from both.

THE CHRYSANTHEMUMS IN THE TEMPLE.—Extensive preparations are being made in the Temple Gardens by Mr. Broome for his annual display of chrysanthemums, which promise to exceed those of any former year in size and beauty. Awnings have been placed along the sides of the gardens for the protection of the flowers, and a pathway will be formed for visitors, so that they will have ample time to inspect the whole of the specimens without inconvenience. It has not yet been decided when the gardens will be thrown open to the public.

THE RETIREMENT OF SIR JAMES HUDSON.—Papers relative to the retirement of Sir James Hudson have just been issued by the Foreign Office, intended, no doubt, to serve as an answer to the criticisms which have lately been founded on the sudden change in our Italian Ministry. It appears from these papers that there was a misunderstanding between Earl Russell and Sir James Hudson. In March, 1862, Earl Russell offered to Sir J. Hudson an important embassy which then seemed likely to become vacant. Sir James declined, and requested permission to remain in Turin until the date after which he should become entitled to a pension. When this time arrived Sir James conceived himself under an obligation to resign, and did resign accordingly. But Earl Russell affirms that he never understood any such obligation to exist, nor supposed that Sir James entertained any idea of the kind. When Sir James Hudson retired Earl Russell understood him to do so of his own free will and wish, and repeats his full confidence in Sir James and his admiration for his services. Thus it appears that the two statesmen have, in fact, been playing a game of cross purposes. But there are still two points which it is difficult to understand. First, how Sir J. Hudson came to entertain the impression which caused him to resign; and next, how the fact that he was resigning solely because of this impression never became known until the misunderstanding had gone beyond the reach of adjustment.

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